



WORTH SEEING!



~~G~~
~~570~~
~~S 57~~

FLM
2015
093993

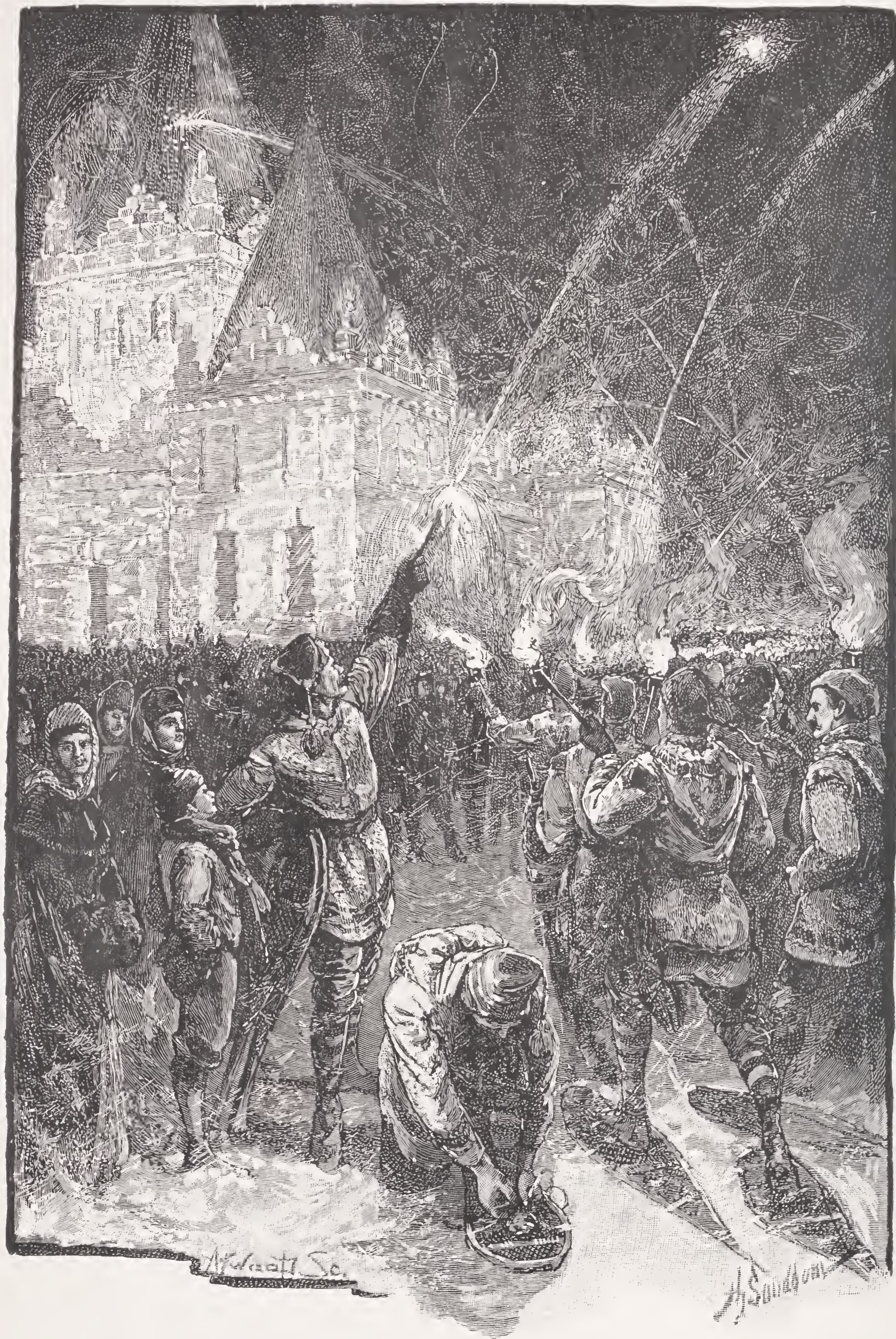
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. G 570 Copyright No.

Shelf S 57

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





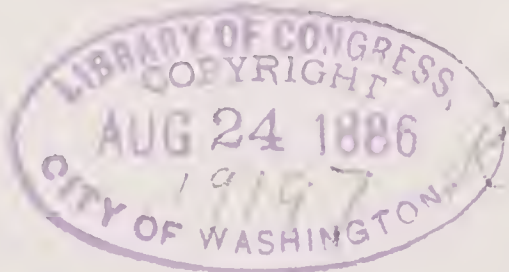
THE ICE PALACE, DOMINION SQUARE, ON INAUGURATION NIGHT.

SIGHTS WORTH SEEING

BY THOSE WHO SAW THEM



FULLY ILLUSTRATED



BOSTON
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY
FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS

G570

887

Copyright, 1886,
by
D. LOTHROP & COMPANY.



CONTENTS.

I.

- THE WASHINGTONS' ENGLISH HOME *Rose Kingsley.*
Ten Illustrations by Garrett and Hassam.

II.

- CHILD-LIFE IN VENICE. PART I *Annie Sawyer Downs.*
Nine Illustrations by Garrett and Hassam.

III.

- CHILD-LIFE IN VENICE. PART II *Annie Sawyer Downs.*
Eight Illustrations by Garrett and Hassam.

IV.

- A WIND-MILL PILGRIMAGE *Amanda B. Harris.*
Eleven Illustrations by Merrill and Hassam.

V.

- A CANADIAN CARNIVAL *Dr. W. George Beers.*
Nine Illustrations by Sandham.

VI.

- HOW THE BOOJUMS WENT DOWN THE CRATER *Ten of the Boojums.*
Four Illustrations by Sandham and from Gordon-Cummings.

VII.

- THE CARLISLE SCHOOL FOR INDIAN PUPILS *Margaret Sidney.*
Sixteen Illustrations from Photographs.

VIII.

- IN ALASKA *Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.*
Sixteen Illustrations from Photographs.

IX.

THE ALPS AND THEIR AVALANCHES	C. E. Andrews.
<i>Four Illustrations by Garrett and Hassam.</i>	

X.

THROUGH THE HEART OF PARIS	F. T. Merrill.
<i>Twenty Illustrations by Author.</i>	

XI.

A GRAND PEACE-MEET	Will P. Hooper.
<i>Thirteen Illustrations by Author.</i>	



THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, LITTLE BRINGTON, ENG.

THE WASHINGTONS' ENGLISH HOME.

BY ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

AWAY in the centre of Northamptonshire, among great solemn woods and heavy clay pastures, lies a stately park round a noble house. On the hill above sits an ancient brown sandstone church, brooding like an old hen over her chickens—the yellow-brown sandstone cottages of the village. And a mile beyond the church, in a smaller village, a low sandstone house stands by the roadside, with thatched roof, and high gable-ends, and stone mullioned windows, and an inscription carved over the door.

The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away.
Blessed be the name of the Lord.
Constructa. 1606.

The Park is Althorp Park, Lord Spencer's splen-

did home. The church is Brington Church; and it contains monuments which should stir every American heart. For in the sandstone house at Little Brington lived the ancestor of George Washington; and he lies buried in Brington Church with his wife and several of his children and kinsfolk.

Yes! In that low sandstone house—now a cottage—Mr. Lawrence Washington, son and heir of Robert Washington of Sulgrave in Northamptonshire, lived and died. And it was his second son, John, who emigrated in 1657 to Virginia, there to found the family of the illustrious first President of the United States.

The Washingtons who were originally a Lancashire family, had been settled in Northamptonshire for several generations; first in the town of

Northampton; then at Sulgrave; and when their fortunes declined—in consequence, some say, of the ill luck which always came to those who held church property, and the manor of Sulgrave had belonged to St. Andrew's Monastery at Northampton—and they were obliged to leave Sulgrave, Lawrence Washington settled at Little Brington, near his friend and kinsman Sir Robert Spencer. Some suppose that Lawrence Washington built the house at Little Brington, and placed the inscription over the door in token of his many sorrows and trials—the loss of fortune and home, for he was forced to sell Sulgrave in 1610, and the deaths of his wife and several children. Be that as it may, he lived at Little Brington for some years before his death in 1616. He was honorably buried in the church at Great Brington. And his sons William, John, and Lawrence, were constant guests at Althorp Park, hard by. In the curious steward's books which were

est entries which give one a very clear idea of the way a great house was managed in those days. Here are a few examples from the yellow old housekeeping pages:

1623.			
June 21.	Lump sugar into the nursery, 3 li.	00-02-09	
	Sir John Washington and Sir William Washington, staying in the house, lobsters given to Mr. Curtis. 4.	00-06-00	
Dec. 6.	To Legg for the carriage of a doe to my Lord Archbishop.	00-05-00	
	Collar of Brawne sent to Mr. Washington.		
1624.			
July 3.	Sent to my Ladie Washington, Puetts 6. (Peewits). Quailes 3. Hearne 1. Sturgeon. 1 rand.		
Oct. 30.	For 12 li. of currants for a great cake.	00-04-00	
	For butter for a cake, 6 li.	00-02-03	
This was the christening cake for "Mistress Katherine Spencer," who was baptized Nov. 14. Sir John Washington and Mr. Curtis being among the guests.			

These are only a few out of many mentions of the brothers whose horses are noted constantly as being provided with "oates" and so forth. The friendship between the two families of Washingtons and Spencers was maintained until the outbreak of the Civil War. Young Mordaunt, Sir John Washington's eldest son, frequently came with his father to the house that seems to have been ever open to them, and where Mistress Lucy Washington, Sir John's younger sister was house-keeper, a post which in those days was often filled by gentlewomen of good family. It was only in 1641 that these friendly visits ceased—brought to an end some suppose by political differences, which at that time were only too apt to sever all ties of friendship and even of family. Sir John is lost sight of during the Civil War, though there is no doubt that he espoused the King's side against Oliver Cromwell; and, according to Washington Irving and other authorities, he and his brother Lawrence were mixed up in the royalist conspiracy of 1656, and found it more safe and convenient to seek a home in the New World the next year, with very many others of their defeated party.

For some years before his emigration, Sir John Washington, a widower, with three sons Mordaunt, John, and Philip, had lived at his manor of South



GREAT BRINGTON CHURCH.—BURIAL PLACE OF THE WASHINGTONS.

found some few years ago in an iron-bound chest at Althorp, and give every item of expenditure in the household from 1623 to 1645, the names of the Washingtons occur continually, among the quaint-

Cave, near Hull in Yorkshire. And this explains why we are usually told that the great Washington's ancestors came from the north of England. So they did — just at last. But their true home for more than a hundred years had been the noble county of Northampton. Lawrence Washington was born and died in the county, his children were born there too, and Sir John the emigrant married a Northamptonshire lady, Dame Mary Curtis, of Islip, and her tomb is in Islip Church to this day. So that the midlands may justly claim the honor of having sent forth a son of their soil, to help in the making of the great American people.

A few years ago circumstances took me to Brington Rectory; and day after day I wandered across to the grand old church and sat for several hours at a time, sketching the beautiful tombs of the many noble Spencers who since 1599 have been buried there.

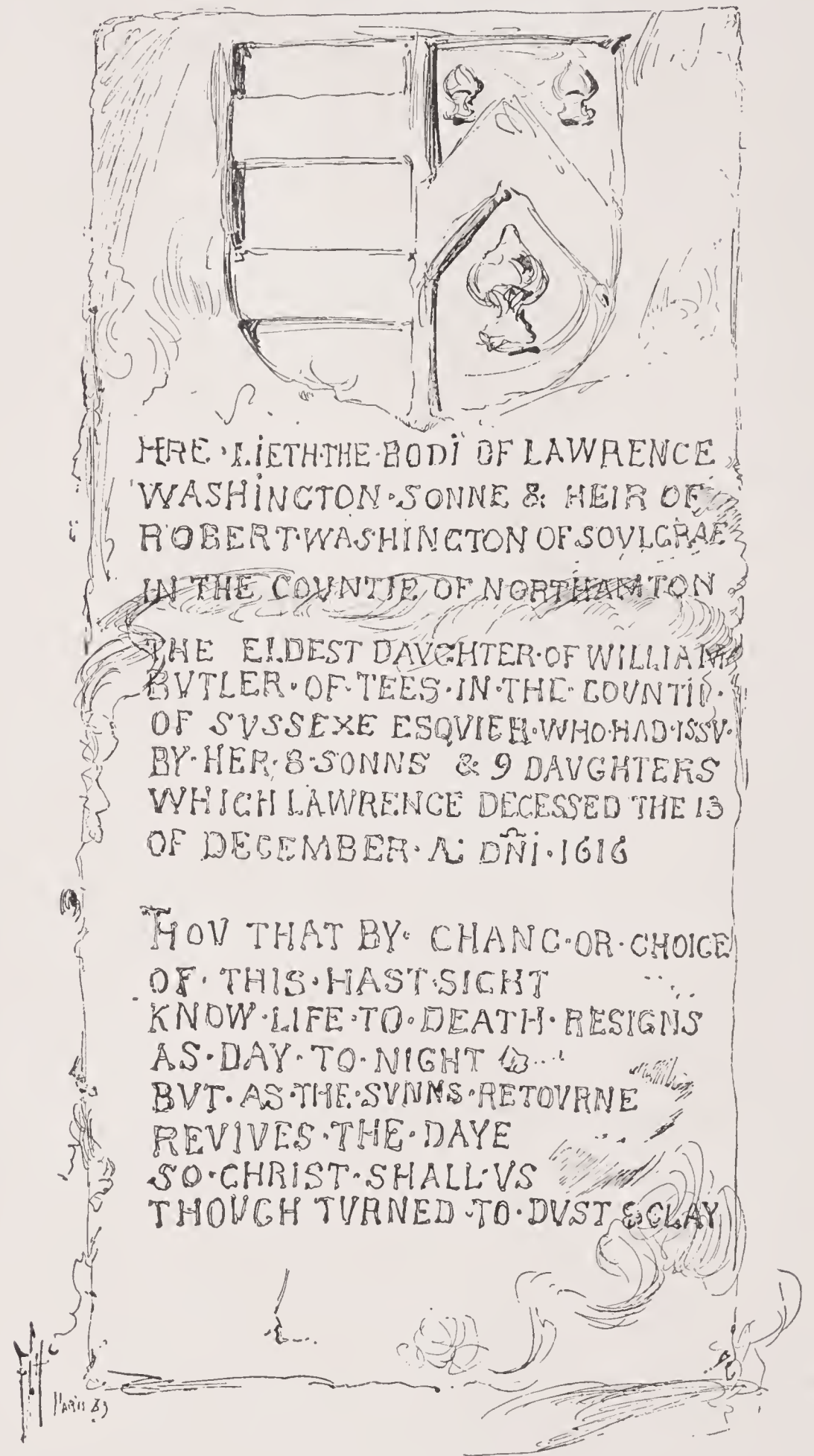
(Before that date they were buried at Wormleighton, their great house in Warwickshire.)

There lies Sir Robert, whose friendship induced Lawrence Washington to settle at Brington, and there, too, lies William his son, Baron Spencer of Wormleighton, John Washington's friend.

There too is the heart of his son and successor the gallant Henry Spencer, who was made Earl of Sunderland by King Charles on the blood-stained battlefield of Edgehill, within sight of his house of Wormleighton, and who fell at Newbury by Falkland's side. And there is his uncle, Edward Spencer, the Puritan — Cromwell's friend; whose influence with the Protector saved Brington Church and those splendid tombs from destruction at the hands of the Roundhead soldiers. How often have I blessed Edward Spencer's memory when I looked at those exquisite monuments all fresh and whole, with their grand recumbent figures, and their carved and painted and gilded canopies — and thought of the broken fingers, the mutilated noses, the disfigured armour and inscriptions in too many of our English churches.

But unique and magnificent though the monuments be in the Spencer Chapel, what riveted my attention was a great slab of stone in the pavement of the aisle. It is cracked right across the middle, but is otherwise uninjured. It bears a

coat of arms, on one half of which are two stripes with three stars above them; on the other half three chalices; and beneath runs an inscription setting forth that



This was the father of the emigrant Sir John, and those three stars, those two stripes, that were carried over the ocean to the new home in Virginia, must have had some connection I think, with a certain flag that floats very proudly — as it has reason to do — on thousands of ships that sail that very ocean — on thousands of flagstaves throughout the length and breadth of the American continent. There are several other Washington tombs at Brington all with their stars and stripes in some form or other. But I think you will agree with me that Lawrence, the last English ances-

tor of the maker of a mighty nation, is by far the most interesting member of the family to us nowadays. I wonder what he would have thought as he sat in the "house-place" of his newly built home at Little Brington, had any one prophesied to him that his son John's descendant was destined to rule the greatest republic of the modern world. The old Washington house — till recently a farmhouse, and now a well-to-do labourer's cottage — with flowers peeping out of the stone-mullioned windows, and sparrows building and chattering in the thatched eaves, and children filling their pitchers at the village pump under the great yew tree across the road, looks curiously settled and unad-

Northamptonshire is a country of big parks, big woods, big fields, big fences, big trees. The great, long-fleeced sheep, that fatten by hundreds in the rank grass pastures, look like mammoths after the neat, black-faced "south-downs" of Hampshire and Sussex. The huge white-faced Hereford cattle stare over the hedges like "Bulls of Bashan," or walk in a long line after us across a field, while our fox-terrier who they are following, takes refuge under our feet much to our discomfort. There are few rivers: but wide brooks run through the bottom-lands, cutting deep channels through the heavy clay. The land swells up every mile or so into bleak, rolling ridges like vast green waves

that foam here and there into a crest of woodland; and it sinks again into damp valleys, where wreaths of white mist hang even on summer days. So that one is for ever going up or down-hill, though there is not a hill to be called a hill in the whole county. Sandstone villages, with some of the finest churches in England are built along the crest of the ridges in one long straggling street: and the high pitch of the thatched roofs with their tall chimneys at each end, and the soft olive-green and yellow brown of the stone they are built of, give them a most picturesque appearance. But though the woods are carpeted in spring with primroses — and the pastures are alive with sweet yellow cowslips, and scores of nightingales sing in the spinneys, yet the country is sad to my mind. It is all grave and solemn. It never laughs and smiles in the sunshine, like the southern and western counties — like some parts even of our beautiful Warwickshire. The people too have less of the kindness and courtesy of manner that one finds in the South: but often carry their "love of independence" as they call it, to the verge of rudeness. Yet, after all, it is a fine



IN SIR JOHN WASHINGTON'S DAY.

venturous, and unaware of the great destinies of its children.

And now that we have waded through this old bit of history, let us see what sort of a land the Washingtons lived in.

and stately land; and oh! what a hunting county. What gallops with the famous Pytchley Pack across those wide grass fields — what splendid riding over those deep brooks, and great "Bulfinches" — as the hawthorn edges are called — a

wall of thorns six feet through and fifteen feet high — that only the finest, heaviest horses can face. Then what splendid homes there are — great parks whose owners have been settled there for hundreds of years, each with its separate bit of history that has helped in the making of England. And chief among them all is Althorp. Come with me and let me tell you of my first walk from Brington to Althorp Park, where John Washington was so often a welcome guest; and let me show you the very same trees that he may have climbed birds'-nesting with young William Spencer, his contemporary and playfellow; and let us walk through the same glades where Philip Curtis, another of the Althorp guests, may have wandered with fair Mistress Amy Washington, John's sister, whom he married in 1620, a year or two after the marriage of his sister Mary to John Washington.

Outside the rectory garden gates the sun was casting long shadows across the "Gravel Walk," a noble avenue of elms, sadly shattered by the October hurricane of the year before: but still grand enough to satisfy any one who had not known their former glory. Far away to the left across the Valley, Holmby* House of famous memory, gleamed golden-white on a ridge on intense purple. Everything was bathed in tender brilliant sunshine, and the air was fresh, clear, and invigorating, as we neared the high park wall of olive-green sandstone. A little postern gate let us into the park, and turning to the left along the avenue of gigantic elms which runs the whole way round it inside the wall, we soon reached the heronry, cut off from the park by tall iron deer-fencing.

The scene was strangely familiar to me.— Surely

I must have seen it all before.— But no! that was impossible as I had never set foot in Northamptonshire in my life until now. I stood staring and puzzled. Then it all rushed across me. The giant stems of the oaks and Spanish chestnut,



IN SIR JOHN WASHINGTON'S DAY.—CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS.

glistening pale against a dark background of fir and spruce, were for all the world like the end of a clearing in Canada, or Western New York. I had seen the same thing hundreds of times: but here there were no huge stumps left in the clearing — no lumberer's log hut — but smooth green turf and trim gravel walks, and long settled peace and plenty all about.

But now the silence was broken by strange sounds overhead — clanking and rattling as of chains smitten together, with wild hoarse cries. The trees above us were bare and broken. Some blight seemed to have fallen on them, and stripped the bark, and torn the small branches. I looked again, and in the blasted trees I saw huge birds moving to and fro, and piling broken twigs into rough untidy heaps. We were in the midst of the heronry; and the herons were building their nests; while the noise of clanking chains was made by their long bills clapping together with a strange

* Now spelt Holdenby. It was here that King Charles the First was kept in a kind of honourable confinement in 1647, by the Parliamentary Commissioners.

metallic sound, as they flapped backwards and forwards quarrelling over the possession of some

One day "Creaton" gets three shillings for climbing nine herons' nests. A day after "four-

teen hearnes" are sent to Wormleighton; young ones I suppose that

Creaton took out of the nests. In one week some years later, twenty-five herons' nests are climbed. "Hearnese" are sent

as presents to Lady Washington and the neighbors, and so forth. But I shall have more to tell you about the herons before I let you go, so let us leave them screaming and quarrelling and push on into the park.

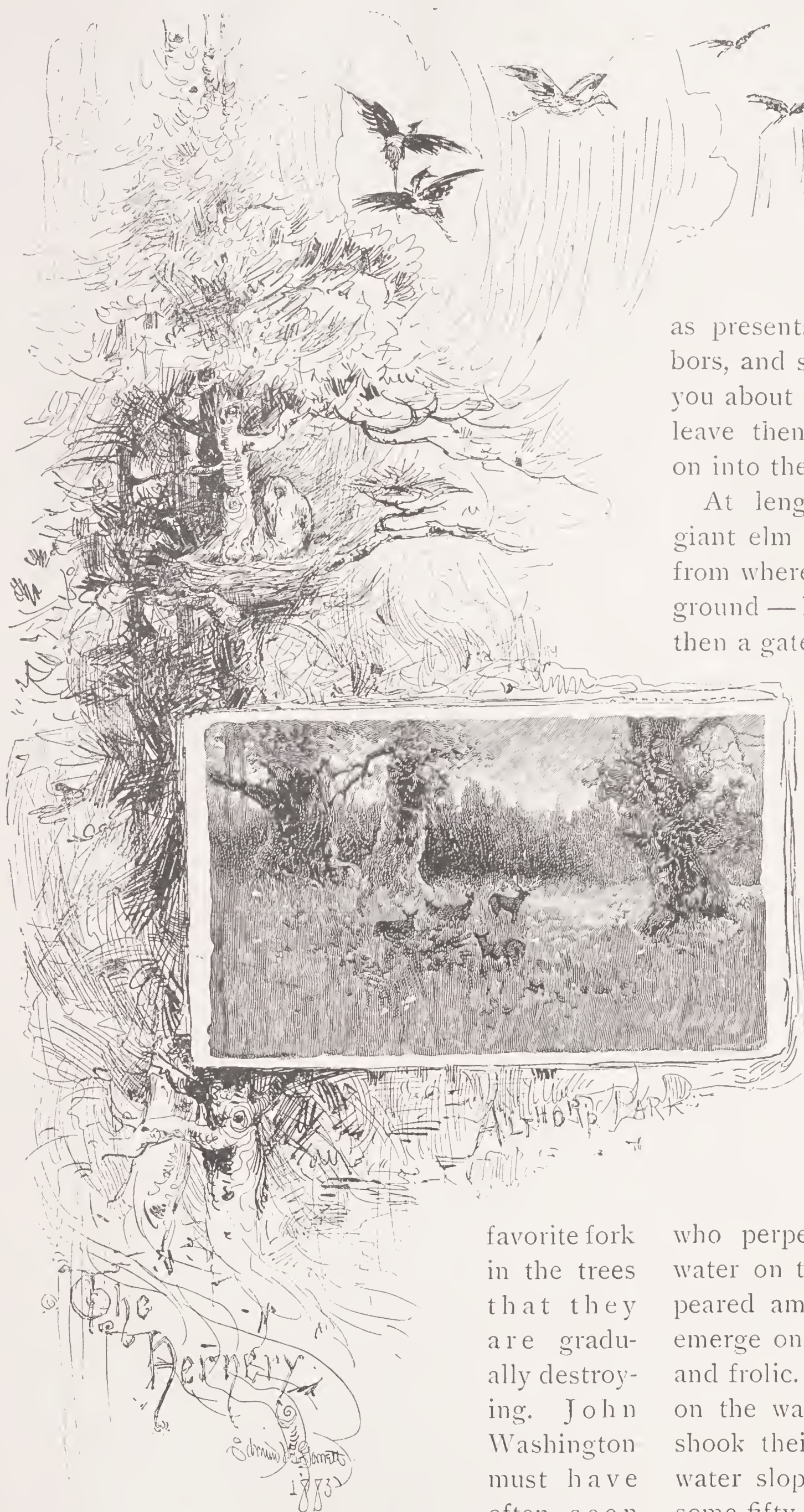
At length another avenue, with one fallen giant elm lying across it — measuring eighty feet from where it split off some thirty feet from the ground — led us down towards the house. And then a gate in the deer-fence let us into the garden

and arboretum, with rows of ancient trees marking its confines. The emerald turf was studded with thousands of gay little winter aconites lifting their yellow heads to the sun out of their petticoats of close green leaves, and countless snowdrops ringing their dainty white bells, looking like downy patches of new-fallen snow on the grass. Among the beautiful groups of rare and curious trees we wandered on till we came to the "Oval" — an oval pond, some three hundred yards long — covered with tiny dabchicks, and busy coots and moor hens

who perpetually chased each other through the water on to the island in the middle, and disappeared among the scarlet fringe of dogwood, to emerge on the other side ready for a fresh chase and frolic. Stately swans basked in the sunshine on the water, or stretched their long necks and shook their white wings on shore. Up from the water sloped banks of smooth-shaven turf; and some fifty feet back from the pond rose an encircling line of huge single trees, any one of which was a study in itself, and in whose tall tops jackdaws kept up an incessant chatter over their housebuilding and love-making.

favorite fork in the trees that they are gradually destroying. John Washington must have often seen

the ancestors of those great gray birds; for in the Althorp Steward's Books that I have already quoted mention is constantly made of the "hearnes."





LITTLE BRINGTON, ENG. — AT THE VILLAGE PUMP.

Althorp House lay away to our right — the great white house with its priceless books — the finest private library in Europe it is said — and its priceless pictures — portraits by every famous painter for four hundred years — besides Italian and Flemish paintings, some of which, thanks to their owner's generosity, may be seen every winter in the Loan Exhibitions at South Kensington or Burlington House. But we had no time to explore the treasures of Althorp House on that early spring afternoon; so we turned up past the dairy — filled throughout with pots and pans of Dresden china — and reached the limits of the garden.

The gate in the deer-fence was locked: but we

look and one ear cocked up and the other down, and a couple of Teckels — long-backed, bandy-legged, satin-coated, black-and-tan German turnspits, with delicate heads like miniature bloodhounds, and sad pathetic eyes — poured out upon us an avalanche of heads, tails, legs and barks. But their bark is worse than their bite; and they are soon begging to share the delicious tea and bread and butter with which we are regaled. The head keeper Mr. C——, is past ninety; and his father, who was head keeper before him, died when he was past ninety; and his son who will be head keeper when the dear old man is gone to his rest, has every right to live to the same ripe old age;



STREET IN LITTLE BRINGTON.

made for another which brought us out close to the head keeper's house. It is a beautiful old sandstone building of the sixteenth century; and as we knocked at the massive oak door, studded with nails and clamped with iron, an inscription on the stone lintel, rudely carved with a knife, caught my eye:

THOMAS PADGET
KEEPER
1672.

A chorus of dogs answered our knock; and as the door opened, a splendid Skye terrier with knowing

for his mother also came of a long-lived family. Her brother, who died quite recently, served in the American War of Independence.

But what a picture the old man is, in his well-made shooting coat with innumerable pockets, and his tight snuff-colored breeches, and top boots — and what a perfect gentleman he is, with courtly, highbred manners that this schoolboard-taught generation may strive and struggle after, but never attain, in spite of all their boasted civilization. He has lived among the great of the world; but he knows his place, and keeps it too. And though his grandchildren are barristers and clergymen he

is "My Lord's head keeper," and proud he is of his position.

The hounds came past on Saturday, his granddaughter said; and though he had been ailing for a day or two, the old man ordered his horse, and escorted the Empress of Austria across the Park.

"Yes," he said, "I saw them all. — There was Lord —, he came and spoke to me, and I asked how his son was — nice boy he was — used to be often at Althorp. He said he was in Ireland. And Squire B—— come and spoke to me — Ah yes! they all know *me*. Last time the Prince of Wales was here, he came up to see me — but I was out."

And the fine cheery old face lights up at the remembrance of all these little attentions. I told him I had never seen a heronry before, and he beamed again.

"Ah! now," he said, "I *am* pleased they've gone back there! At one time I was afraid as they'd all go away. They took to building in a little spinney close down here in Holdenby fields: but I wasn't going to stand that — so I took a man or two, and pulled every one of their nests right down; and then they went back to the old place. I *was* glad, for they've built there for between two hundred and three hundred years."

He told us that the herons go out at night in long lines, two and two, and rob the fish ponds and the shallows for miles round — standing motionless under the hedges waiting for the favorable hour to begin, like a regiment of soldiers: and before morning they came home with their pouches crammed with fish and eels. One he said brought home an eel hook and well besides the eel, and got himself hooked up in the trees by it, and would have starved to death had not the keepers climbed up and released him.

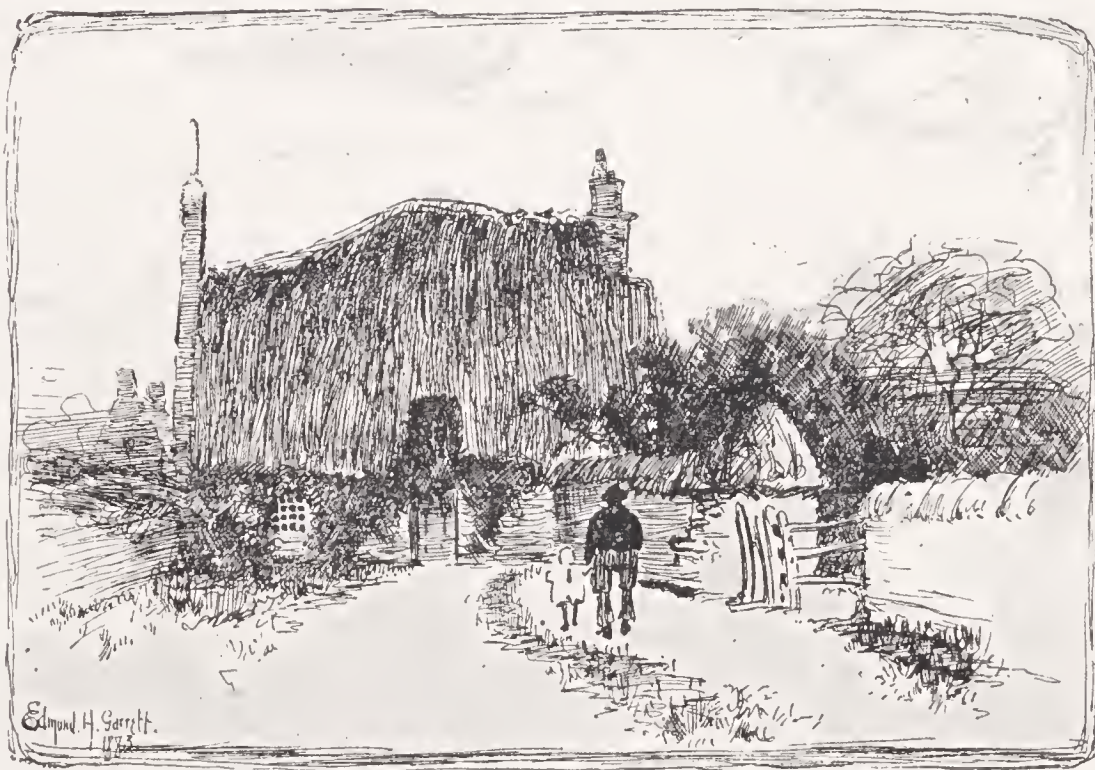
But now the sun is getting low, and we turn homewards across the Park, past the herds of

deer under the great trees feeding up to the sunset; and overhead stream up countless thousands of rooks and their attendant jackdaws. Away to the west, from out of the eye of the setting sun,



they come, seemingly an interminable line ever growing and increasing; and then when they settle down in the trees on the knolls above the house, what a sea of sound their voices make, till night falls and quiets them.

Up the avenue the church tower over the Washington graves glows against the bright evening sky: and as we near home children's voices playing round the old Market Cross by the Rectory gates, rise shrill and clear, and we are once more in the work-a-day world.



END OF A LANE IN BRINGTON.

CHILD LIFE IN VENICE:

Annie Sawyer Bowers.



A VENETIAN NURSE MAID.

THE idea of children does not readily occur to the stranger in Venice. Why should it? Are not its citizens born into the world men and women, with faces beyond their years? Do its narrow, crooked passages, hardly worthy the name of streets, constantly interrupted by steep bridges over sea-channels lined with aged palaces, between whose

picture had ever revealed, no book had ever shown, was silent. Neither sound of hoof nor roll of wheels, nothing but the plash, plash of the ever-moving water, and the soft croon of innumerable pigeons.

And what dissipated my reverie? Why, the merry laugh of a Venetian baby! Yes, the only other figure in the stately square was that of a young and comely nurse, who carried tenderly in her strong arms the first child I saw in Venice. She came through the Piazzetta, that little passage which leads from the great square to the water, and in her dark red-trimmed skirt, long white apron with its great bow behind, black bodice, and quaint, tight-fitting cap, was a significant embodiment of the every-day life, which in spite of unique situation, and unparalleled surroundings, is as

marble walls the silent tides steal ever onward like the march of fate, furnish any playgrounds for boys and girls?

So when I stood, very early the morning after my arrival, in the great Piazza of St. Mark's, no thought of childhood was in my mind.

I thought instead of the mystic-winged lion poising himself on his soaring column; of the rose-colored mass of the Doge's palace with its exquisite marble arcades; of Nero's colossal bronze horses over the doorway, in the grand Oriental front of the ancient basilica; of the glistening mosaics, the marvellous carvings, above all of the unfathomable depths of blue sky over me, and the equally unfathomable depths of blue water at my feet. And this singular beauty, which no



A VENETIAN TRAVELLER—TIME 1873

much the heritage of Venice as of the most ordinary European city. The pigeons saw her sooner

than I, and when a couple swept down as if to light on her broad shoulders, the baby put up his tiny fingers to catch them, and not succeeding, laughed instead. How that laugh rang through the shadowy arches, how it took possession of

ceases within its walls, and the sacrament is constantly adored upon its altar. Therefore there is an endless crowd, old and young, women and soldiers, children and priests, continually passing through its nave. In fact, so accustomed are the

people to the most familiar use of the church, that I often saw the market-woman set down her heavy basket in the vestibule, or the vender of fried fish deposit the yoke upon which his wares were hung at the entrance doors. From a little narrow street which elbowed St. Mark's on the north many busy mothers emerged to rush across the square and say a hasty prayer in the church. These mothers never had any baby carriages, but they pushed the little ones before them in a queer sort of cage, akin to what in remote parts of New England is even now called a "standing stool."

These standing stools are high enough to come under the baby's arms and allow his feet to rest on the floor. Being larger at the bottom than the top, the support is firm, and the wheels, fastened securely to the base, allow the child to push himself along. It is very convenient

to use this old-time contrivance in Venice, as the squares and many streets are paved with great blocks of white marble, smooth and level as a drawing-room floor.

One morning a mother left her baby in his stool at the principal entrance of St. Mark's. I do not know if she prayed longer than usual, or if he thought it a good opportunity to go off a little on his own account, but he began to roll himself around. Nearly opposite where he was left, on the east side of the square, is a paved street not more than seven feet in its widest part, and upon whose every side shops are set as thickly as possible. I was picking my way gingerly amid its



A SWIMMING LESSON.

them, so that I heard it ever after, must be left to the imagination. But this baby though a beauty was not of the Venetian type. His blonde hair, blue eyes, and fair skin, contrasted strongly with the gleaming, surprising loveliness of the next child whom the accidents of sight-seeing caused me to notice.

The Piazza of St. Mark's is as much the centre of the religious as of the social life of the city, for its crowning glory is the church of St. Mark. Marvellous upon its exterior, it is no less marvellous within, appealing more strongly to the religious element than any other church in the world. Its doors stand open day and night, prayer never



BOUND FOR THE REGATTA.

fruit sellers, fish dealers, and shell venders, when loud shouts and hearty laughing made me turn sharply. The little Venetian traveller was coming right down upon me. Doubtless the square slanted a trifle, for his rapid motion left his hurrying mother far behind. His short-sleeved blouse showed his plump brown arms, while the funny cap, embroidered with shells instead of beads, permitted us to see how his gleaming eyes laughed to their dusky depths as he shook defiantly in the air the odd toy he sturdily held close in his wildest flight. After him still clattered his irritated mamma. On account of her high-heeled shoes she could not run very fast, but there was little need, for a good-natured water-carrier stretched out his brawny arms and the runaway was captured.

I have called this narrow alley of St. Moisé a street, for there are streets in Venice, and one may walk all over the city if one chooses. But the real streets of Venice are its salt water canals, upon whose banks its famous churches, finest palaces, and most interesting monuments are situated. These water-streets are navigated day and night by gondolas, a kind of boat whose form has been as curiously adapted to its purposes of instant obedience as that of a bird's wing. It must draw very little water, carry almost any weight, shelter its passengers, move lightly, stop instantly, turn as on a pivot, glide like a serpent in and out of every cranny, in short, obey not so much an order as a hint. It is long, slender, and very high from the water at both ends. Bow and stern are sharp, and the former ends in a beak, or flat steel, which towers to a considerable height. This deeply-serrated blade of steel is an ornament, but it is useful as well, for by it the gondolier steers, and under whatever bridge it passes, he knows his black cabin in the centre will pass too. The danger of collision obliges him to face the bow and, as he never uses but one oar, he pushes, not pulls. The cabin is often removed and an awning put up, which may in its turn be dispensed with, when one has full view of the pale-faced, black-eyed

beauties as they take their twilight airing. Gondolas, like cabs, are numbered and licensed, and it is said there are now four or five thousand in this strange city of the sea. They are black from stem to stern, the law having regulated their color for centuries. The necessity of the law is evident; for we read that nobles and citizens vied so with each other to be finest, that whole families were brought to poverty.

Realizing that Venetian cabs are boats, and Venetian streets are canals which rise and fall every tide, we are prepared to hear that Venetians themselves take all their pleasure on the water. So they do now, and have done for ages. When Naples has welcomed royal guests with brave horse races on the Corso, when Rome has honored Pope, or Cardinal, with a gorgeous procession, Venice has summoned the splendid barges of the Republic and taken her guests to her palace-lined canals. Was it a victory — then they decked the Doge's boat with flags from Lepanto. Was it a poet — then they brought out the banner which floated over the barge of the illustrious Petrarch, when with acclamation they rowed him over the shining waves of the Giudecca. Or, holiest of all, at the great Feast of the Sacrament, the sacred emblem of St. Mark, and the trophies blind old Dandolo brought from the Holy Sepulchre. A dozen times in a summer they have a grand regatta; and



CROSSING THE STREET.

good children are taken in a gondola to see the fun, just as in America they go to the circus. The month we were in Venice there was a famous regatta to welcome the young Queen of Italy. Hundreds of boats started from the Grand Canal, rowed around the gilded plumed gondola where

the Queen sat, then made their way to the Rialto bridge where they turned and glided slowly back. Each black hood was removed, and festoons of pink and salmon, orange and violet, red and green, blue and white, so changed the mystic fleet, that it is little wonder we likened it only to the storied boat which bore King Arthur to Avalon. The band played during the entire pageant, and the

lovely music floated out on the Lagoons and was lost in the cry of the sea-gulls over the Lido.

Each was in holiday dress, which in Italy means all the colors of the rainbow, and everybody was kind and polite

to the two strangers who had come "so far to see their beautiful Venice." No police were visible, and although skillful rowers must have been much annoyed by awkward ones, we heard no angry words. After a little we, too, took a boat, that we might see the effect from its level. The gondolas looked particularly fine as we thus watched them from the stream. Standing so high on the narrow platforms at the stern, with their long oars bending hither and thither, they resembled a field of slender rushes waving in the wind. Opposite the Royal Gardens, with much of the most interesting architecture of Venice in view, we came upon a gondola load of children, who like ourselves were going home from the regatta. Their tall slim gondolier, bursting unexpectedly upon us, recalled the classic charioteer urging his horses in the antique games. Standing with one foot behind the other, and with outstretched arms, he seemed to skim the water. His attention was given to steering his craft amid the scows which pressed upon him, but his freight of children were too happy even to look any more. For once the eager eyes had seen enough, for a time at least the restless little hearts were satisfied, and we had no doubt in many a distant northern home as they gathered by the evening fire that cheeks would flush and eyes sparkle as they told

of the regatta that midsummer day in Venice.

And who can tell what such days in Venice are to the children of the poor to whom summer is the only luxury? Then boys, even street boys, are crazy with joy, for they have not only air but water in which to be mischievous. It is no trouble for a boy to go swimming in that city of the sea. Every high arched bridge, no matter how serpentine the canal beneath, may be turned into a swimming school, every kind-hearted father, uncle or brother serves for a teacher, and as each novice is, or may be, provided with some kind of a float, there is no apprehension of danger. From the beginning of June far on into September, the boy-part of Venice is far oftener in the water than out, where they either shout and clamor to each other, or poise themselves for a leap from any friendly doorstep; and as the Venetian bathing dress is a mere hint of that elsewhere worn, you are never tired of admiring the fine statuesque limbs, bronzed by the too kindly sun.

Many a time as I have stood watching those happy boys I have wondered at details of the architecture about me, which in every place appeared more inexplicable than in every other. The chimneys especially I never could understand. I never saw two alike — some rose tall and slender from the lofty houses, with a tapering stem a yard or more in length, and with a top resembling a tulip. Others looked like the watch towers of a mediæval castle, and still others expanded into so wide an opening that you thought of a sunflower.

And not only do boys swim as much as they like, not only do they take gondolas when sent on the commonplace errands which in other cities demand street-cars, but they often own tiny boats themselves wherein to paddle from one side of the

YOUNG
VENICE



A VENETIAN GIRL.

street to the other. Has a boy left his arithmetic, does his mother send him for his missing handkerchief — I suppose there are boys in Venice who have handkerchiefs, though I never met one — then he slips the painter of his frail canoe which looks as

lofty houses, now perhaps hotels, warehouses or factories where glass, beads, and mosaic pictures are made. But whatever their present use, whatever their ancient splendor, they had always a high marble wall, with its feet in the cooling water and



A VENETIAN BACK-DOOR.

if it had just come from the hands of the toy-maker and glides away noiselessly, gracefully, like an Indian boy of the Adirondack forest. Sometimes our gondola, following one of these fairy boats, would penetrate into the very heart of a row of

its top gay with the bright-colored plants in which Venice delights.

A stunted fig or plum-tree often showed itself in the precious garden which extended between the wall and the palace, whose actual entrance was

upon a much statelier canal. Merry groups of children were always seen on these old walls. Here they sheltered themselves from the burning sun of noon, here they fondled their pets, sailed their toy boats, and, if well to do in purse, threw soldi to their less fortunate neighbors, who dived and brought the coins out of the shallow water. Another shower of coins often rewarded one of these brown-limbed divers, if he was sufficiently dexterous to climb a tall mooring post and bow his thanks from its top.

In a dark twisted alley at the side of one of these palaces lived pretty Bianca, the daughter of our laundress. We should have called her home a cellar, and only sharp eyes could detect any convenience for cooking or washing. The light came in by the door, and the fireplace was simply an elevated table of stone upon which the scanty fire was made. As wood is very dear in Venice, two or three twigs costing a cent, three or four cents' worth is supposed to be enough to warm such a home as Bianca's the coldest day. The only artificial light ever seen within its narrow limits was the tiny taper which burned always before the picture of the Blessed Virgin.

But the twelve-year-old Bianca was merry and light-hearted enough to chase the gloom from the dingiest home. Her ebon hair knotted low behind as if she were already a woman, her liquid eyes which in spite of their fun seemed to hold all the sadness of the past, and her nose with the exquisite curve of a Greek Venus, might have been found in many of her neighbors; but nobody had Bianca's bewitching smile, nobody had her ringing laugh, and certainly nobody could sing like Bianca. Up and down the alley she flitted, and her "*Viva Italia*," quickened the beat of many a heart, and when at nightfall the fishermen's chil-

dren went out to the Lido that their evening hymn might guide their fathers over the treacherous Adriatic, no voice like Bianca's to lead the chorus!

Yet neither her glossy hair, her lovely eyes, nor her unequalled voice, was Bianca's pride. But she was proud—she went to school! Schools for the poor are new in Italy, and with tears did Bianca tell me, that not only did she read and write, but she actually studied arithmetic.



FEEDING PIGEONS IN ST. MARK'S SQUARE.

And if she thought herself lucky, what did Nello, the polenta and pumpkin seed seller just

across the street, think? He was poorer than Bianca, though no older; for he had no place to sleep nights, excepting the water-step of any unoccupied warehouse, and he only earned enough money in the day, including what he ate himself, to pay for his wares. His clothes were very scanty, his only cap a ragged red one which he wore on Sundays; but he had picked up somewhere a string of the many-tinted shells of the Lido, and his one passion was Venice, his one admiration Bianca. "It is well the dear Signora should see our Venice; she is the pearl of the world; and as for Bianca — ah, how beautiful she is, how she can sing, and is she not clever — she even knows the arithmetic!"

One Sunday Nello was among the crowd of children who, in the Square of St. Mark's, were feeding the sacred pigeons. I knew how often the poor boy went hungry, and was touched to see him pull from the sleeve of his tattered blouse a bit of polenta he had saved from his supper; he never had any breakfast. Although the plump, comfortable birds are fed at the public expense, not a child in Venice but longs to have something of his own to give them. This feeding is shared by the whole population; for when, in 1849, Venice was besieged by the Austrians and reduced to famine, no one thought of touching the doves of St. Mark's. Although grain was so scarce that men fought in the streets for a morsel of food,

not for a day were the pigeons deprived of their supply.

They owe this good fortune to the virtue of their ancestors. When Dandolo, early in the thirteenth century, was besieging Candia, some pigeons brought him good tidings, and he in turn dispatched news of his success to Venice by the same white-winged telegraph.

Since then it is imagined that the doves fly three times around the city in honor of the Trinity, and that while they are protected, Venice will never be swallowed up by the waves.

It is one of the prettiest sights in the world, when in the square, they are fed each day a little past noon. They are perfectly fearless, for any one who injures a pigeon, is first fined, then imprisoned; so from the nooks and crannies of surrounding buildings, even from the wondrous façade of St. Mark's, they descend like snowflakes, to take food from childish hands; and often a shriek of ecstasy is heard as one swiftly stoops for the kernel of corn on a baby's lips.

Their meal over, they perch again on the domes of St. Mark's, they flutter undismayed about the granite column where St. Theodore stands on his crocodile, and they nestle close to the terrible winged lion who for ages has watched the rising and falling of the opal waves, thus adding by the grace of their continual flight another beauty to the spot which of all others needs it least.

CHILD LIFE IN VENICE:

Annie Sawyer Bourns.

PART II.



A VENETIAN BOY.

ET the Piazza, or great square of St. Mark's, is not the only open space in the city; though as if to give its noble architecture due honor, the others are called *campi*, or fields.

Churches are frequently situated upon these smaller squares, or *campi*, and in the Middle Ages were surrounded by vast conventual buildings. They vary in interest as in beauty. One I remember for its soft green turf, the religious and heavenly loveliness of its Gothic

church, and the mellow sunshine which, penetrating to the very heart of every block of marble, disclosed the rose and purple, the violet and orange, that centuries of exposure to the bitter air of the sea had rendered ordinarily invisible. Another was famous for a noble equestrian statue, another because Desdemona lived in a house on its corner, and a fourth, because tradition asserts that there Titian and Tintoretto among its crowd of beggars and idle loiterers looked for models.

Roaming aimlessly, we came unexpectedly one day upon Signor Antonio Rioba, who has been for generations the Venetian embodiment of practical joking. Signor Antonio is only a rough stone figure set in the wall of a provision shop, with a pack on his back, a staff in his hand, and a coarsely

painted face. He is always surrounded by a crowd of laughing boys, who receive with shouts of derision any stranger, young apprentice, or green serving-man who has been directed to bring a parcel to the Signor. As there is a bell handle above the Signor's name, the glee of the boys is uncontrollable when the simpleton gravely pulls it. But Signor Antonio is memorable to us, because at his elbow we saw what I am positive is the ugliest *campo* in Venice. It is that of the Ghetto, or Jew's quarter. During the Middle Ages no Jews were permitted to live outside its limits, and while the law has long since fallen into disuse, it is still densely populated by the poorer class of Hebrews as, owing to its vile and unhealthy situation, rents are very low, and nobody interferes with the filth in which they delight. We went down some steep, narrow stairs to find ourselves in the middle of a small space, only partly paved with broken brick and completely walled in by tall houses in various stages of decay. A hideous wooden bridge crossed a slimy canal into just such another space, but filled with sellers of what, even in Venice, must be called rubbish.

The entire population of both squares appeared to be out of doors, but the nature of their employment determined the identity of the spot. All were picking geese, excepting a few of the boys who were dragging half-denuded specimens round by the legs, or throwing the disgusting web feet which had been cut off, at each other. As the fat of geese is indispensable in Jewish cookery, it was perhaps a necessity that this disagreeable condition of things should exist; but having no wish to endure it, we eagerly hailed a boat on the dirty crooked canal. Our perplexity as to the best way out of the unpleasant mass, evidently delighted the staring urchins; and just when we thought we saw a safe path, one boy, whose laughing eyes indi-

cated his comprehension of the situation, dropped the contents of a ragged apron which he wore over his greasy trousers, and turned a somersault in their midst, covering us from head to feet with the fluffy particles! The joke was against us, but he looked so impishly mischievous that we laughed with him, and threw him a couple of very small copper coins. He deserted his goose-dragging at once, and before we embarked was playing *mora* on the steps of the landing, with a youth as handsome and audacious as himself. Venetian boys and men as well, all play *mora*, the simplest, though I should judge by the emotion it excites, the most effective gambling game known to civilization. The players throw out two, three, or four fingers with the celerity of

day there, taking bath after bath, gathering the scarlet poppies everywhere abundant, and looking for the brilliant shells which in their musical tongue they call, "flowers of the sea."

Steamers cross every half-hour from the Riva, but the fashionable way is to go in one's own hired gondola. Friends vie with each other in the beauty of their boats, the gay costume of their gondoliers, and the tasteful dress of the children and nurses. It is upon such pleasure trips that two gondoliers are employed. Only one is necessary; the second is purely an adjunct of luxury, a fitting accompaniment to the gilded chains, the exquisite carving and the polished steel beak of the excursion boat. Probably there are never any showers in Venice, for



OUT FOR THE AFTERNOON.

thought and if the opponent calls out the correct number the stakes are his.

Two or three times a week all Venice goes to the Lido, for the Lido is the seashore, to bathe. It is a long narrow strip of sand, stretching between the lagoon in which Venice is situated, and the Adriatic. Only half a mile wide, almost all strangers walk across for the seaward view, but Venetians frequent only the side nearest the city. Entire families, servants and cats included, pass the whole

even the babies sit in the uncovered gondolas with bare heads, although the mothers sometimes wear a little lace veil, and the nurses always a huge comb set around with gold, silver, or glass beads. It is a white day to the fishermen's children of the Lido when these visitors from Venice give them the fragments of their luncheon. They all are sallow, ragged and dirty, but they have large soft eyes, delicately cut lips, small feet and hands, a bewitching archness of manner, and how hungry they

are! Their fathers, costumed as if for a picture, in wooden slippers having toes only, heavy brown stockings reaching to the knees, and high-colored wool caps, do not disdain to assist their families in disposing of the bounty of the stranger, and when there is nothing more to eat, gallantly escort their benefactors to the boats, mounting the delighted baby on the shoulders of the tallest.

glorious full moon may have arisen to shed its tender lustre over basilica, palace, and Campanile, and to diffuse over the noble square additional life and gayety. The hoary porphyry lions at the side of the church bear always a heavy freight of boys, who select the position as a convenient place to hear the band, and from whence to make frequent dashes at any innocent-looking victims who may give them a copper. Venetian ladies, who carry their parasols as much in the evening as in daytime, have a way of lowering them so they never see these importunate beggars. The trick looked easy, but as I tried it many times and never succeeded, I conclude it requires great art.

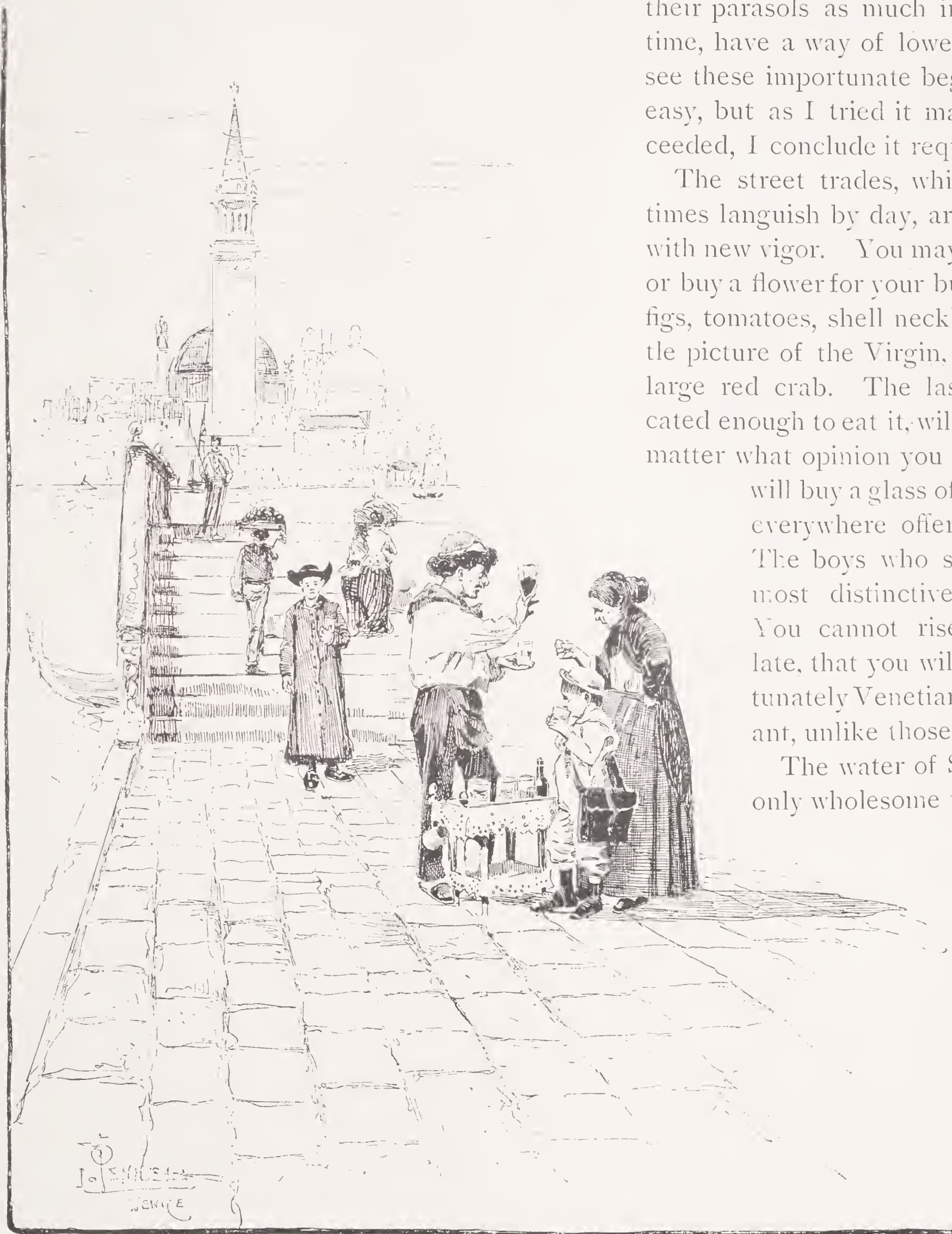
The street trades, which in this quarter sometimes languish by day, are after nightfall endowed with new vigor. You may have your boots blacked, or buy a flower for your buttonhole, grapes, melons, figs, tomatoes, shell necklaces and bracelets, a little picture of the Virgin, a small blue lobster or a large red crab. The last, if you are unsophisticated enough to eat it, will cause such thirst that no matter what opinion you hold as to its danger, you

will buy a glass of the "*acqua, acqua fresca*," everywhere offered you for one centime. The boys who sell water are one of the most distinctive features of the place. You cannot rise so early, nor retire so late, that you will not hear their cry. Fortunately Venetian voices are low and pleasant, unlike those of Italians elsewhere.

The water of St. Mark's, considered the only wholesome water in Venice, is always

offered you (no matter from whence it really comes) and is borne from place to place in a large leathern bottle strapped to the shoulders. In one hand is carried a low stand with openings for glasses and bottles of essences wherewith to flavor to please the customer. Anise seed appeared to be the favorite

with the boys of whom we bought water, and a more insipid compound it would be difficult to imagine. The water boys earn between one and



ON THE RIVA.—A WATER VENDER.

Is Venice a little late in returning from the Lido? Then Venice will land at the Riva de Schiavoni, the stone quay nearest the Piazza of St. Mark. The

two francs a day, and have regular routes and stations.

Dwelling houses are usually supplied by women, who wear a peculiar uniform according to the locality from whence their water comes, and as they are in some sense under police surveillance, it may be possible to know what you are drinking. The women who obtain their supply from the wells in the courtyard of the Doge's Palace wear a short skirt, a black cotton velvet bodice with white linen sleeves, and a gay kerchief about the neck. A Tyrolese hat of felt with a bunch of bright flowers completes the costume, for they are either quite barefooted, or their unstockinged feet are thrust into very slipshod sandals. Generally strong and slender of figure, they are often very handsome with blue-black hair, and piercing eyes, and in their picturesque dress are one of the prettiest sights of Venice. They carry two brass kettles on the ends of a flat piece of wood, curved like a bow, which is balanced from one shoulder, and in one hand hold a rope to lower the kettles into the well, and with the other they gracefully protect their skirts from damp. We never wearied of standing on the magnificent staircase of the Doge's Palace and looking down into the courtyard with its two marvellously wrought well-heads surmounted by brazen altars, where scores of boys and women came for their stock in trade. They dabbled and splashed in the most primitive fashion, dropping their cans, filling them to overflowing, then jerking them up only to spill their contents; laughing and gesticulating all the time like the fauns and dryads of whom they reminded us.

Wells however, though numerous, do not half supply the present city. Artesian wells add a vast number of gallons each day, and pipes of recent origin, laid across the railroad bridge from the mainland, are in constant use. One of the most difficult problems to solve, was how a city built as Venice is, could obtain water, but so satisfactorily did her founders dispose of it, that while she has often suffered for food when besieged, she never has been reduced to straits for water.

From the Doge's Palace through the busy street of the Merceria to the Rialto is a gay and cheerful walk. What a place for shopping is the Merceria! Beads from Murano, turquoise ornaments from the Orient, mosaics recalling Byzantium, gold chains of Venice, slender delicate goblets with serpents en-

circling their stems, winged lions for charms, rings which break your heart, with their "Remember Venice" — for alas, you know you can never forget her — all tempt you as you never were tempted



AT A GATEWAY.

before. The Merceria brings us out at the Rialto, the island upon which ancient Venice was situated, and which has always been the centre of commerce as St. Mark's has of art. Shylock says:

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys.

In 1180 the first bridge connecting the island with the land on the right, was built, taking the place of the bridge of boats before used. The existing one was begun in 1588, and the Venetian ambassador entertained Queen Elizabeth with a lively description of its splendors. At present its footway is lined with shops and its parapet is the favorite spot to sell coarse felt hats. At its steps all sorts of boats discharge all sorts of cargoes —

cabbages, squashes, cucumbers, onions, beans, crimson gourds, and scarlet fish baskets with silver and gold fish wrapped in green leaves. But the painted sails of the fishing boats are most dazzling to our Northern eyes, for they are orange and purple, scarlet and blue. Everybody clamors at the top of the voice, everybody tries to drive a sharp bargain; and you marvel how in the deafening roar the curious statue of a hunchback, Il Gobbo di Rialto, retains his composure. He gazes thoughtfully upon the crowd, patiently bearing on his shoulders the

railing, clamber out of the water, only to dive again, and scruple not to walk on their sunburned toes directly across stout swarthy fishermen asleep in the shade. The streets are very dark in the Rialto neighborhood, and all goods are brought out of doors for examination, and while you see much artistic work you wonder at it, so clumsy are the tools and handled in the most inconvenient and awkward manner. Once watching a cobbler who presumably was teaching his apprentices to last a shoe, we were amazed to see him hurl the wooden form at one of the grinning boys. The cobbler's dialect was outside our learning, but we gathered from our gondolier that the boy had a brother who was a priest, and that the master, an old Garibaldian, thought little of the clergy. Rowing to the doorway we saw the shrine of the Blessed Virgin was empty, and that a rough print of Victor Emanuel covered the carved head of a stone saint, and concluded he might be that cobbler who, when Venice celebrated her reunion with Italy, being too poor to buy a flag, suspended before his door great strips of red, white and green paper, writing on the white, "*We will die for Italy!*"

But if the Rialto is the entrance to many crooked canals, to many mean houses and shops only interesting because they show how the very poor may live, it conducts as well to many a stately waterway, where are lovely entrance gates, on whose steps are now crouching exulting bathers instead of the liveried menials who once obsequiously awaited the arrival of their haughty lords. The beauty of many of these gates is beyond words: The delicate vines which soften the rough outline of the aged arches, the surmounting vases, the Gothic windows, even the glowing crabs which cling like weather-beaten mariners to the blackened and



VENETIAN STREET-COBBLER AND HIS APPRENTICES.

stone platform from whence the laws of the Republic were once proclaimed.

The Rialto bridge is as much common property as is the square of St. Mark's. Boys dive from its

wave-washed steps, all imperatively demand the vivid colors of Carpaccio, Giorgione, and Canaletto.

We may perhaps say of the crabs that they are



“A HEADER.”

so abundant they are the cheapest food in Venice, enough being sold for a cent to afford the hungriest child a dinner. Indeed the aristocratic cats who haunt the waterentrances, scorn them, partaking instead of such unnatural diet as corn, grapes, and watermelons. From the earliest time these large handsome cats have held the place in the affections of Venetians, usually given to dogs. Consequently they are not timid, shy, as in other cities; but gaze with great interest on the life of the street, and walk statelily along after children of high and low degree. Probably they owe their extraordinary beauty to the Persians and Angoras brought home by the voyaging shipmasters of

Murano every room pointed proudly to its especial pet. Often when the factory boat comes from the island with its freight of beads to be strung by women and little girls, a fine-haired, glossy and plump kitten will choose that way to see a little of the world. Watching the curious intentness with which he looked at the unlading of the hampers, we fancied he possessed the secret of the first fugitives who brought to these sea-girt sands the mysterious art of making glass. Instead of solitary and individual labor, hundreds of persons are now employed in the different departments of the art, and instead of the shoemaking, and sewing of custom clothing, familiar to us, many fam-



THE BEAD-STRINGERS OF VENICE.

whom Marco Polo tells, and at any rate their dignity and gravity accord well with the traditions of a seafaring race. They are much prized by the sacristans and vergers, and at the glass factories of

ilies eke out their only too certain income by stringing the beads whose manufacture is eagerly investigated by every tourist. Stringing beads tries eyes and wears nerves; but in Venice, as

everywhere, if the poor would eat they must work. Only during the Carnival season does the ease-loving southern temperament rebel. Then, no matter how large are the orders from Europe and America waiting to be filled, even the head stringers will not touch a bead, preferring to beg.

Ah, happy bead-stringers of Venice, you may be cold, hungry, and tired, but you will never see, vanishing from your receding gaze, the grace and the glory of Venice! For Venice is an enchantress; Venice is the goblet of Scandinavian story, in which the loveliness of the universe is mirrored.

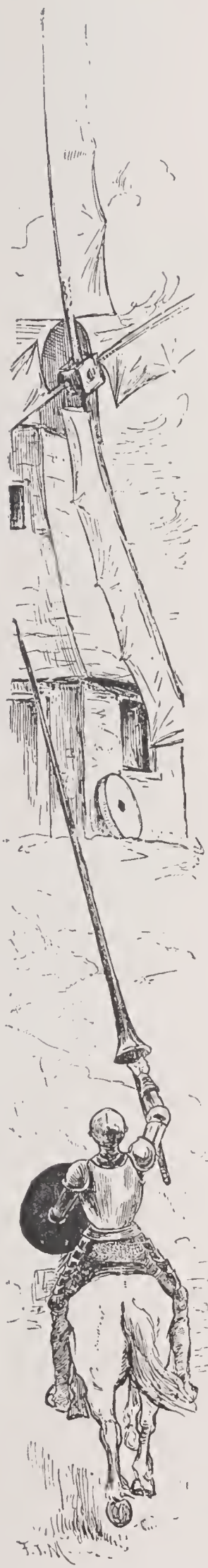
Windmill Pilgrimage.

Amanda B. Harris.

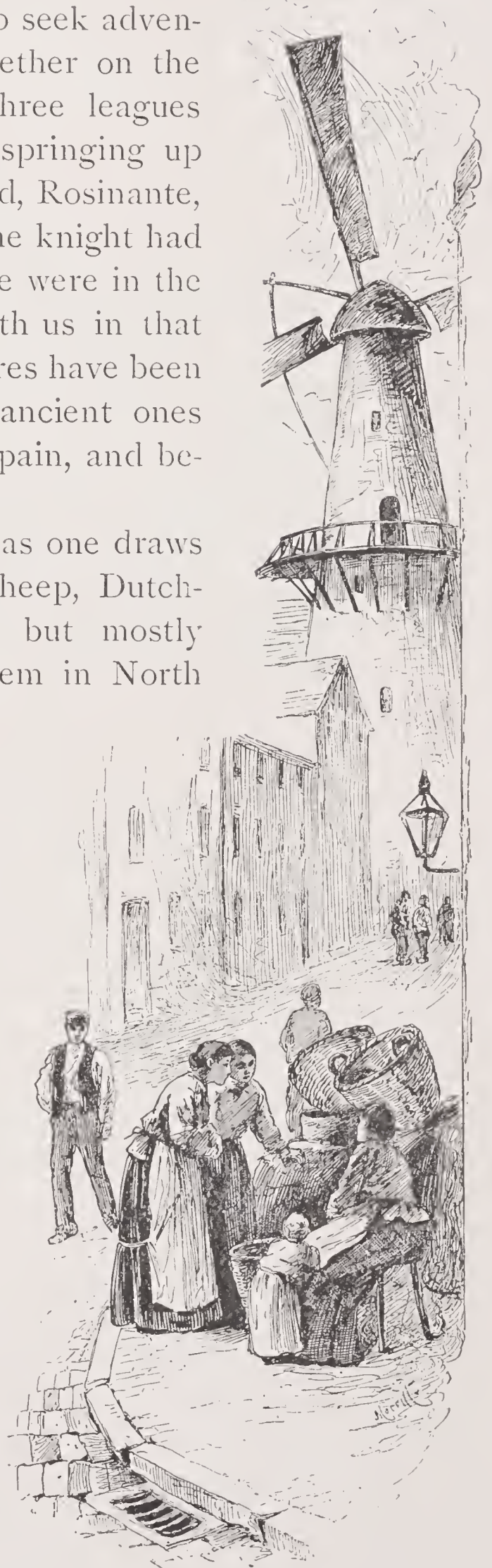
ONCE upon a time (last summer, in fact) we (which means two of us) set out to see wind-mills.

You remember how Don Quixote, when he started to seek adventures, "discovered thirty or forty wind-mills all together on the plain," and thinking them giants with arms two or three leagues long, began to fight them, when a breeze of wind "springing up drove the sails against him," and sent him and his steed, Rosinante, into the air; and how Sancho Panza intimated that the knight had wind-mills in his own head. You will, perhaps, think we were in the same condition. But artists must be reckoned in with us in that case, for, as every one knows, these picturesque structures have been favorite subjects with them time out of mind—those ancient ones which stand here and there on lonesome heights in Spain, and beyond all, the miles of them on the flats of Holland.

Of all the world, Holland is the wind-mill country; as one draws near the shore there come in sight "wind-mills, cows, sheep, Dutchmen, churches, steeples and little red-tiled houses," but mostly wind-mills. At Rotterdam, at Dordrecht; one finds them in North Holland and in Friesland; sees them from the Zuyder Zee, from every canal; but above all at Zaan-dam, where they thrash the air, as one of the artists says, and "grind every sort of thing that can be ground, and when they don't do that they saw wood and pump water," and "all the rich people are wind-millers;" there are about four miles of them in all, "as far into the dim distance" as the eye can reach, so that "if any one desires to see Holland from its



DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE PANZA.



A ROTTERDAM VISTA.

wind-milly side," let him go to Zaandam and be surfeited forever after."

Who invented them, whose idea it was to make the wind a miller to grind meal or a servant to pump water, no man knows, though it is said in one place that they may be traced to Holland, where their use was to remove the water from the marshes: and in another, that it was the East, in

The wind roared, and the rains fell.

The poor white man came and sat under our tree.

He has no mother to bring him milk,

No wife to grind his corn,

Let us pity the white man, no mother has he.

No matter where the wind-mill originated, the hand-mill was before it, in the East, and almost everywhere. Even the Roman soldiers carried



"BUT ABOVE ALL AT ZAANDAM."

a sandy region where there were no water brooks, and as John Ridd says in *Lorna Doone*, "folk made bread with wind."

But there is another side to that last statement, because the Orientals ground their grain between two stones, and the women did it. It was one of the sounds of home-life — that grinding. It always makes one think of the careful, busy, frugal mistress, the bread-maker, the loaf-giver. Who of you that has ever read the travels of Mungo Park in Africa can forget the pathetic little story of that lone stranger, benighted, weary, sick, among inhospitable people, preparing to pass the night in a tree for safety, when the native woman took him to her hut and gave him food and a mat to sleep on; and as he lay there, he heard her maidens sing these plaintive lines which they improvised on the spot:

little mills along with them and ground their own corn to make their own bread, which they baked in pan-cakes on a flat plate over the fire — which was indeed a primitive way of doing things for a people so great and grand. Froissart tells time and again how the armies of France and England among their incumbrances had hand-mills of some kind.

The Scotch had something they called the "knockin'-stane," by means of which they "un-hulled" and broke up their oats and barley, with a "knockin'-mell" or mallet. The "mell" was of a solid kind of wood, the mortar of close-grained stone, and so big that one has been seen in some old Scottish house in use for a pig's trough, or turned bottom upwards for a seat. The cottagers kept it near the door, to be at hand when they wanted barley for broth; too handy, in fact, ready

for anybody to stumble over, as lazy Davy did, according to the auld ditty:

Davy Doits, the king o' loits,
Fell o'er the mortar-stane.
When a' rest got butter an' bread,
Davy Doits got nane.

When I read about a "*quern*" in stories of old England, I can see such a hand-mill as people used for grinding grain and something else that was of quite as much importance to those ancient beer-drinkers—malt. There was even in London a church named St. Michael-a-Quern, because in the market-place near was one of these mills. It was a round stone of the size of a half-bushel measure; another stone fitted into it having a hole

the little church behind the building of the Essex Institute.

No doubt, as they came direct from Holland, they soon built a wind-mill like those in that country; and the grinding was called "beating out the corn." One thing which they did not have, either in England or Holland, was Indian corn; but they learned to value it, after many straits, "more than silver."

It was almost the first thing they found, and before they arrived at Plymouth. The *Mayflower* anchored first in Cape Cod Harbor, sailing around the northeastern point (Race Point), where the elbow sticks out into the sea, and coming within the safe, comfortable, sheltering arm where Provincetown is. It was then and there that the



IN HOLLAND. "A WIND-MILL VILLAGE."

through which the grain was dropped, and an iron ring on the edge to pull it out, through which was placed a stick to move it around when grinding.

Possibly the Pilgrims brought over some kind of hand-mill; but if so, the records at Plymouth, which give inventories of estates will show. There is a queer one preserved among other relics at Salem, which anybody can see who cares to, in

women went ashore and washed the clothes, had the first New England washing-day, on Monday, too, which Mrs. Preston made such a spirited ballad about.

Then Miles Standish and a few other men with some biscuit and Holland cheese in their pockets, set off to explore; and seeing a heap of sand, dug into it, and found a cellar lined with bark, and

about four bushels of corn, yellow, red and blue, the first they had ever set eyes on. And they took it after much deliberation — it was really stealing — having resolved to pay the Indians the first opportunity, which, I am glad to say, they did.

The poor colonists had times when it was hard to get anything to eat, and but for corn and learning from the savages how to cook it, they would have starved. They bought hogsheads of it from them one season, which the squaws brought down in canoes; and friendly Squanto and Massassoit entertained the leaders with *mazium*, made of the meal mixed with water, which they called *nokchike*, and introduced them to the knowledge of *samp*.

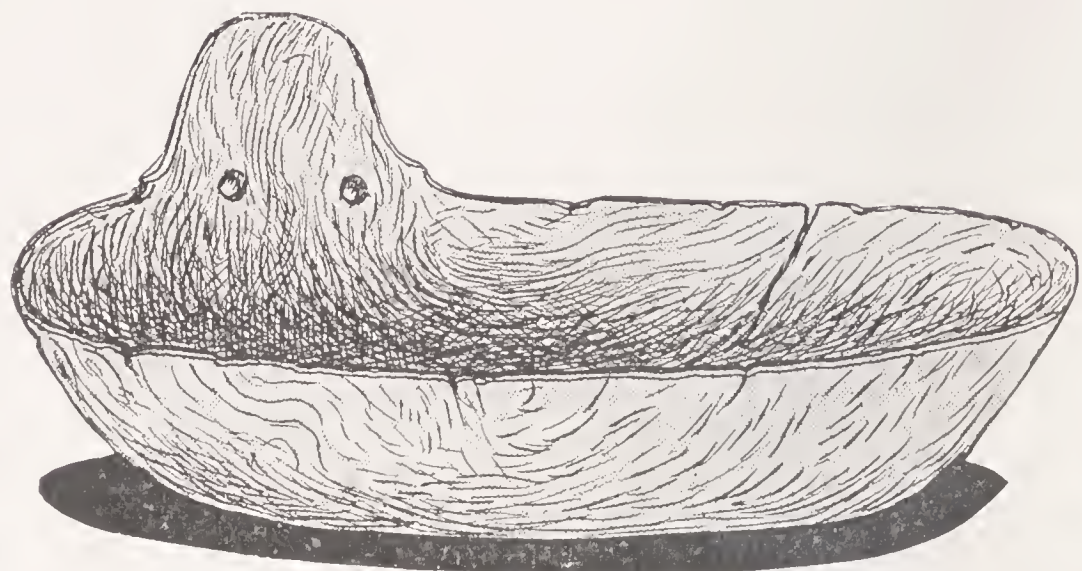


AT NANTUCKET. "THE ONE OLD MILL THAT IS LEFT."

hominy, *suppawon* and *succotash* — the last made of whole kernels boiled with beans, but the others all of pounded or cracked corn, for which they had

large mortars hollowed out of hard-wood logs.

The white men improved upon the aboriginal method and fashioned nice mortars; and great



KING PHILIP'S SAMP BOWL. (From the Mass. Hist. Society Collection.)

was the thumping with pestles of wood or stone along that line of houses where Leyden street is, till times were favorable for a wind-mill to be built. Hundreds of those styles of mortars, either of iron, or wood, or stone, may now be found in old houses or in museums scattered about New England. In a bric-à-brac store at Nantucket they show one made of *lignum-vitæ*, which looks as if it might bear constant use for two hundred years to come.

Mrs. Austen says in her *Nantucket Scraps* that "the women got tired of grinding samp" in those and hand-mills; and that some man thought the matter over, and then went to bed and dreamed it over, and dreamed out a wind-mill, and went to work and built one.

There used to be three there, back of the town, on the Mill hills, as they were called, high up, waving their great arms so that they could be seen quite a ways out to sea. In the Revolutionary times, the islanders hit upon the happy plan of using the mills to telegraph to the ships in the harbor if British cruisers were around. A set of signals was fixed upon and the vanes were made to indicate how matters stood.

A woman, who told us about one, said she was sorry enough when it was gone, for she and her schoolmates used to play around there; "and we used to go up there when I was a girl," she said, "to get corn to parch. We never heard of pop-corn then. It was the common yellow corn. We used to beg it, we schoolgirls, and carry it home and put it in a frying-pan over the fire, and when there was one white one we were *so* pleased; and one girl had that, and then another would have the next one."

She was not certain, she said, "whether that story was true about a little girl getting hold of one of the sails one day, and the mill beginning

primitive capitals, and periods, and small figures:

Now, as we had already been seeing the inside



"THAT WAS AT WEST FALMOUTH."

to go, and she hanging on, and being carried away up in the air and round and round before it came down again; but I've caught hold and come pretty near that myself, if I had not let myself drop; and I've been knocked over by the sail when it begun to go; and one time there was a cow feeding on the grass, and she was knocked so badly that they had to kill her."

The one old mill that is left is upon a green hill, a cool, delightful, breezy place, and there is an ancient Portuguese with rings in his ears, Juan Silver, who keeps it, and shows it to visitors. One day, when we took our morning walk up that way, the door stood wide open, and he was to be seen at a window up in the tower, where he was explaining things to some summer boarders, but as we came into sight, he spied us, came down with a hippity-hop, and reached out and pulled the door to quicker than I can write it.

Looking up in amazement we saw the meaning of this ungracious act, for there was a little board on the outer wall which bore this inscription, all in

ADMITTANCE.

5 CENTS.

OPEN. FROM 9 A.M. TO

6 P.M. COME ONE. COME.

ALL.

of wind-mills to our heart's content from basement to tower, this did not disturb us in the least; and so we sat down on the grass and enjoyed the landscape. There lay the crowded town of Nantucket, yonder the moors where heath grows and so many wild flowers, there the rim of sea.

Meanwhile we had to hear what was going on over our heads between a roguish visitor and the Portuguese who would keep putting out his head with the crisp, wiry hair and the great rings in his

ears; and we could hear his jabbering, and "ya, ya," and his cackle of a laugh at the young man who tried so hard to get him to set the mill to going.



"OVER AT POCASSET, STILL ANOTHER."



"AT FALMOUTH ITSELF."

There was a stiff breeze, but do it he would not.

"Why," said the other, "you'll be mouldy here in a week. Come, fetch on your sails, and set the

thing a-going. Well, then, if you won't, I'll tell you what. Carpet the place, and put up a rack full of newspapers and things to sell, and send out the town crier to tell, and get the people in. O, you're a jolly old keeper!" And the little Portuguese would cackle again like a piece of wheezy machinery, "ya ya!"

This one was built about a hundred and forty years ago — the date is there, cut into the stone doorstep after an ancient and useful fashion; and it is of solid "oak that grew in the Dead Horse Valley over there," though it is questionable if an oak-tree is now growing anywhere around; and it is battered and worn, and eaten, and scrawled over with visitors' names. They tell that during the Revolution, a British man-of-war fired a cannon ball which went through it, and nearly hit the miller, giving him a terrible scare; but legends are apt to gather, as moss does, about those antique buildings.

At any rate, it has stood a good deal of some kind of bombardment; maybe of the kind which that same John Ridd tells of, when he went out with his father's match-lock gun which he could hardly carry to his shoulders, to practice shooting: "Perhaps for a boy there is nothing better than a good wind-mill to shoot at, as I have seen in the Low Countries, but we have no wind-mills upon the great moor-

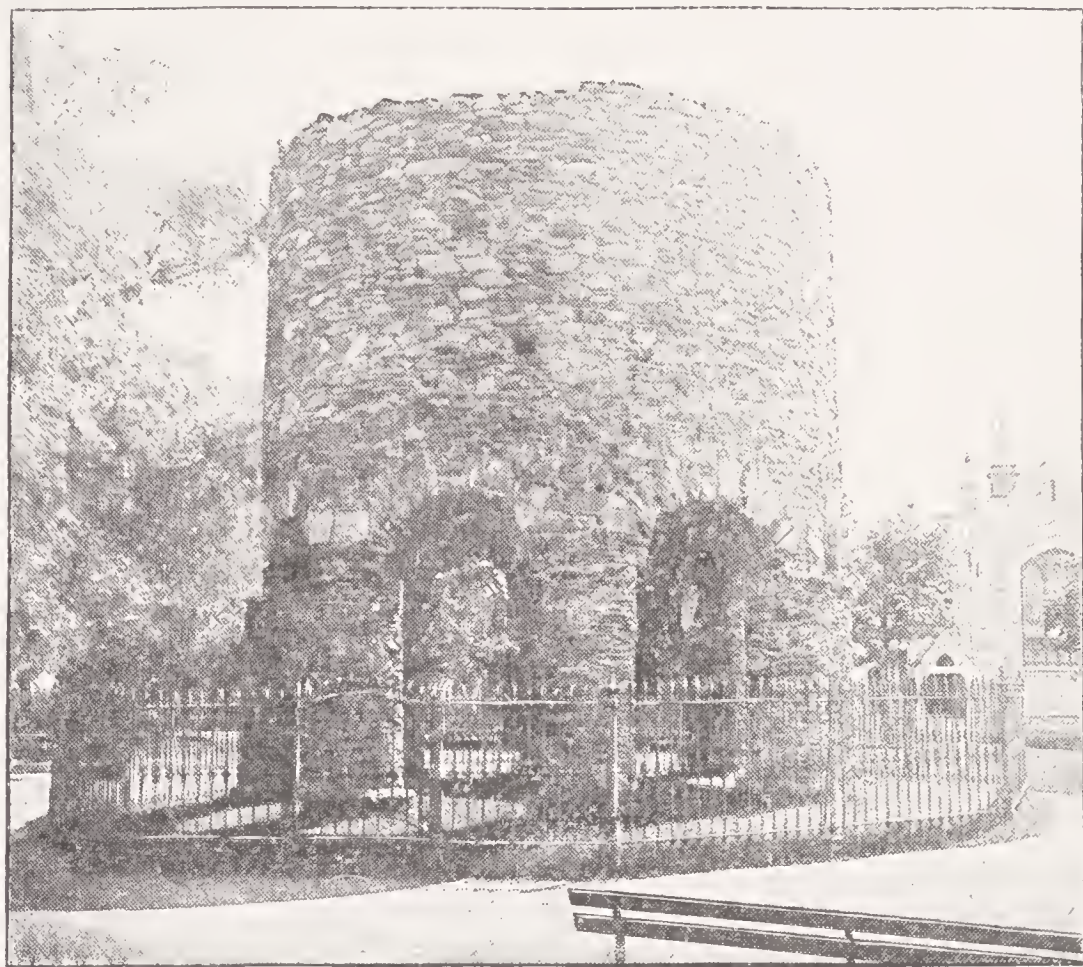
lands, yet here and there a barn door. . . there is a fair chance of hitting the door if you lay your cheek to the barrel and try not to be afraid."

It was "down on the Cape" that we saw one of the mills in operation, and were shown all about

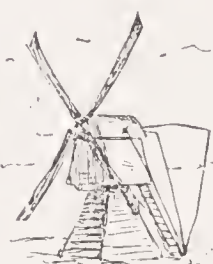
it. Such a rude, strong door with a wooden latch that must have been two feet long, such winding stairs, such heavy beams, such a tower and look-out, such a mealy, odd, picturesque, never-to-be-forgotten place! We were even given leave to bring away as relics for an antiquarian society, two or three of the crumbling, mossy shingles that had been sunning on its sides nearly a hundred years.

The owner showed us how he managed, how he hooked the canvas sails to the great vanes, and told us that the long stick of timber outside, clamped with iron, and with a big wheel at the end was "the tail," and how they changed it about for the wind; and as we listened the vanes went round and round, and the corn in the hopper came out meal.

All the region round had always come there for meal, and when the wind was right the sound of the grinding did not cease even when the sun went down. Strangers from a part of the country where there are no wind-mills came to wonder at



THE OLD MILL AT NEWPORT, R. I.



SOME FOREIGN WIND-MILLS: THE MILL AT SAN SOUCI; AT ROTTERDAM; ON THE ELBE; MILL AT DORDRECHT; AT MONTMARTRE, PARIS.

it and artists to sketch. Two girls, sitting on a rock under the shade of the fence, were attempting it then.

But of all the stories, nothing pleased me so much as about "the *pe-aks*." Away up towards the tower, as we noticed from without, were holes bored through the timber, as if this one had indeed served some John Ridd for a mark, but from something that carried a ball bigger than his father's old matchlock would admit. And when we climbed the mealy stair and wondered aloud at the holes bored smooth through the timbers, the miller said it was "the *pe-aks* did it:" wood-peckers, red-headed ones, that in this way made themselves refuges from winter and the storm. A hard way it seemed; a queer bit of bird calculation, a laborious provision for time of need; an unnecessary piece of work one would think; "but they do it," he said, "and round here we call them *pe-aks*."

That was at West Falmouth; further along at Falmouth itself is another; over at Pocasset still

another; away near the Highland Light on the back side of the Cape one looms up; in a word wind-mills are not hard to find in that historic region of New England; and if we have not one as fanciful as that of Sans Souci or of Montmartre, or those on the Elbe, which our artist has pictured, have we not the quaint "round tower" at Newport which might have been a wind-mill but was not—or rather it is a disputed question concerning which much has been written; see what Longfellow says about it in his introduction to "The Skeleton in Armor."

You know, perhaps, how fond he was of such subjects, and how, about the time he wrote his poem "The Wind-mill," he said to a visitor, "The Germans love to write of such homely topics, and I love them for it," and he went across the room and pulled down German books from the shelf and read about all sorts and kinds of mills, saw-mills, grist-mills, wind-mills; for he too loved the homely, the quaint, the picturesque wherever found.

A CANADIAN CARNIVAL.

BY DR. W. GEORGE BEERS.

[*Harry Tandem to a Boston Friend.*]

WINDSOR HOTEL, *Montreal*, Jan. 19, 1883.

DEAR BOB:

Such a jolly time as we have had straight through! I never thought there was so much splendid fun to be had out of snow and ice. I remember the fine times we had camping out below Quebec, two summers ago; but the winter is the time for holidays, and I'm going to get father to have half our school holidays in July and the balance in January. I always thought the Canadians spent winter shivering around the coal fires, and that they kept in doors when it snowed and blowed; but they all turn out just when I thought they all turned in, and don't they enjoy it!!! I put these three notes of exclamations here instead of a yell, which I could give, I feel so jolly. Father tried to scare me before I came, by reading me a story about a chap called Pentagruel, a hero of another fellow called Rabelais, who reached a place so cold that the words as they passed from the lips of the men were frozen, and fell on the deck, but when brought near the fire thawed and gave up their sounds. But I didn't scare worth a cent. We expected to see the people muffled up like mummies, or like Esquimaux, but all through the carnival, I saw more Canadians in felt hats than furs, and they say the climate is so changed since father was a boy that the whole winter dress of the people has changed too, and furs are more worn for the fashion than because they are necessary. I never saw snow so dry. Our Boston snow is nearly always fit for snow-balling and building forts and snow-men, you know, and they sometimes have that sort here too, but mostly snow of a dry sort, in which you can roll, and which shakes off you like fine sand. The other day I saw one of the maids using it to sprinkle on the carpets before sweeping; Emily says it beats tea-leaves. It is used, too, with whisps to clean clothes. When the sun shines,

after a new fall of snow, you'd think you were in one of those diamond mines we used to read about in the days when we believed in the *Arabian Nights*. The air is dry, bracing. No fog, no slop, no malaria, no cyclones.

And now for the jolly times these splendid fellows of the Curling, Toboganing, Tandem, Trotting, Hockey, and Snow-Shoe clubs provided us Yankees! First of all, just out of our window I can see the Ice Palace, in Dominion Square. It is lit by the electric light, every night. Father was reading from a poem by Cowper, a description of an ice palace built on the bank of the Neva, in 1740, by the Empress of Russia, in which he called it

The most magnificent and mighty freak
The wonder of the North.

The Montreal Palace is the first ever tried in the New World, and the carnival people say they had to hurry it up, and had to do a good deal of guessing, but that they'll beat it in the one to be erected next January. I'll try and describe this one, as it won't be here when you come up in July. You'll have to get a dictionary and find out what the big words mean, for I don't know myself, but everybody is using them here. The building was made of blocks of ice, forty-two by twenty-four inches, each block weighing five hundred pounds, and the whole structure containing forty thousand cubic feet of ice. Its dimensions are about ninety by ninety feet, with rectangular towers at each corner, and a central square tower one hundred feet high. The blocks were "cemented" together by snow for mortar, and then water was pumped on from a hose, and the whole palace made into one solid piece, so that you couldn't separate one block from another without sawing them apart. I heard a fellow, with long hair, say that it was a disappointment to him; but you know that the people who really enjoy this sort of thing don't care a rap if it isn't as perfect as those long-haired fellows could

make it. My opinion is that it is the most beautiful sight I ever saw in sunlight or moonlight, and a boy has a right to have an opinion as well as a man. Father says the Ice Palace by electric light reminds him of what Charles the Fifth said of Antwerp Cathedral, that it was worthy of being placed under a glass shade. I've been in and out of it day and night. They wouldn't let me on top of it. Every time I look at it I see something new and beautiful. One block had a curious thing embedded in its centre. It looked at first like some sort of a fish, or the skeleton of a fish, with lots of legs, and I heard somebody tell somebody else that it was an animal of the glacial period, whatever that means; but I guess it was nothing but straw. I heard people using big words like "spectrum," "polychromic," "prismatic," "diaphanous," when looking at the palace. You know you hear these people using jaw-breakers about pictures, too. I don't intend to talk that way when I get big enough to like a daub of an oil painting better than a good chromo. I heard somebody call the palace "a new revelation in architecture." One girl called it "a religion in ice." At any rate, Bob, it is "too utterly too-too," or, as Emily says, "too nice for anything." I went on top of the mountain, and looking down at the thousands of lights throughout the city, and then at this glowing structure in the middle, why, you'd think you were dreaming. When I wakened the next morning I thought I had been dreaming. But there was no *Arabian Nights* about it, Bob. It was all as real as Bunker Hill Monument.

You know they say the Yankees are a fast people, and perhaps that is why we Boston folks enjoyed the toboganing so much. It's the nearest thing to flying you can find. You couldn't live long if you kept going at such speed. The tobogan is made of two pieces of thin bass wood, about six feet long and two feet wide, bent up in front like the dashboard of a sleigh. It has cross pieces of wood for strength, and long, round sticks at each side, and is all clasped together by catgut. The Indians make them, and the Canadians cushion them. The red-skins used them to carry the game they'd shoot over the snow through the woods, and the Canadians turned them into the jolliest use for pastime, in sliding down the hills, and they've been doing this long before father was born, without saying much about it. The to-

bogan is so light that it doesn't sink in soft snow like a cutter, and is so smooth on the bottom that it goes down hill like a shot, especially when the hill is slippery. It adapts itself to the hollows it meets in such a way as to make you feel as if you had no more bones than a worm; and I tell you when you jump a *cahot*, as they call the hollows



TOBOGANING ON MOUNT ROYAL.

here, you'd wish you were a worm, until you get used to it.

My first experience of toboganing was on the back part of Mount Royal. The mountain was thus named by the discoverer of Canada, when he first saw the St. Lawrence River and the landscape from its summit. The toboganing slide here is partly an artificial one, and is a jolly sort of thing that could be easily built upon a prairie. I'm going to see if I can't get them to put one up on

Boston Common. It is a big structure of logs and planks made in an inclined plane, up one side of which there are steps, and down the side beside it a smooth, ice-covered slide. There is room on top like a little platform upon which you settle yourself on your tobogan. They generally put the girls on first, and you'd wonder to see a girl seat herself in the bow, because if the tobogan collides

The sensation is exciting. You lose your breath as the snow dashes up into your face, and you have all the feeling of going on the road to a regular smashup, but before the smash comes, your sleigh eases off as gently as it started, and you get up and want to do it again. If you stand to one side of the slide, and see a tobogan whiz past you like a shot, and see the frightened faces of the

strangers who are having their first try, you feel as if you were looking at a group who were going to destruction; but by and by you see them coming up hill again laughing at their fears. You'd think you'd get tired pulling your tobogan up again every time you slide down, but there's so much fun in the whole thing, and the air is so splendid, that you do it a whole afternoon and forget to get tired. Just fancy how it would fag a fellow to walk half as far to school.

You should see me in my winter sporting rig; a white blanket coat trimmed with scarlet, with a *capot* or hood on the back; a scarlet sash around my waist; scarlet stockings, white knickerbockers trimmed with scarlet; "mocasons" on my feet, and the old French "*tuque bleu*," with a scarlet tassel, on my head. The tuque is worn by all the Snow-shoe and Tobogan Clubs, and by all the Canadian youngsters. Each club has a different colored tuque, and my rig is the same as the oldest Snow-shoe Club, the "Montreal." Emily is great friends with a fellow belonging to the St. George's Club; and she's got a whole white blanket suit, trimmed with purple, and she's got a St. George's cross on her coat, and wears the purple and white tuque. Lots of Canadian ladies dress this way in winter. It's a very pretty sight to see a lot of strong, active fellows in their club uniform, out on the

hill. Don't tell Polly, Bob, but I've made the acquaintance of a Canadian girl here, and I rather think she's got a big opinion of Boston, because when she heard some one say that I came from the "Hub," she walked straight up to me, looked at me as if she was going to box my ears for fun,



THE SNOW-SHOE STEEPLE-CHASE.

with anything in front, the girl would get the worst of it. But they seem to like the risk, and the Canadians mean well when they give strangers the place of danger. But to tell the truth, there's no danger on proper hills. A fellow sits behind and steers with his foot.

and offered to take me down the slide on her tobogan. I hadn't seen a girl steer, and I knew I'd have to sit in front, but I'd have slid off the top of the French steeple here if she'd asked me to go with her. "Are you all right?" she asked. "Yes; go ahead," said I. She gave the tobogan a push, and then jumped on herself. I thought it was my last hour on earth. The speed was awful. We came to a *cahot*, jumped it, and came down flop! until my teeth rattled. I was sure she had fallen off and was lying dead on the snow. I never expected to see Boston or Bob again. But I got to the bottom, and as I looked around, there I saw my Canadian girl shaking the snow from her neck, and smiling all over as she said, "Wasn't that jolly? Will you try it again?" I kept on trying it again until her big brother came along and asked her to give a friend from New Orleans a slide. Confound her big brother, and confound New Orleans!

The Montreal Toboganing Club has a splendid series of slides a short ride from the Windsor. The inauguration night was magnificent. The hills were lit up all along the route with torches stuck in the snow banks at each side; and a great lot of lanterns and locomotive headlights illuminate the ground, while at the foot a huge bonfire was kept burning, into which they threw colored powder. Emily enjoyed this hugely. Toboganing has already done her more good than all the medicine she has swallowed in two years. If I was a doctor, I'd give more prescriptions of toboganing and snow-shoeing than quinine. Several young ladies, Canadians, came to see Emily at the Windsor, yesterday; she didn't think I heard her, but I couldn't help it. "What complaint have you?" she asked them. They all roared, laughing, and one said, "Well, my complaint is I can never get enough to eat;" and she was a rosy-cheeked, bouncing girl, that would have made two of Emily. "We Canadian girls go in for outdoor exercise, my dear, and do not have 'complaints.'" Everybody here seems to belong to some sort of an athletic club; and parents are as proud of their boys who win prizes at snow-shoeing as if they had won the "*dux*" at school. They say they can't beat us in Latin verses, but what's the good of Latin verses if you're always sick?

On Wednesday morning we went to see the Curling Bonspiel on the river; but a fall of snow

came on, and father and I saw the play at the rinks. They've got a lot of cosey covered rinks in Montreal. I never saw such people for sports. I'm sure they must be sorry when spring comes. The Montreal Club is the second oldest of over four hundred formed this century, under the Royal Caledonian Club of Scotland. At first I thought the game awfully stupid, and I said it so loud that a big Scotchman, who looked like a thistle, turned to me and swore at me awfully; but a Scotch friend of father's afterwards wrote on paper what he said to me, and here it is: "Gang awa' wi ye, ye bairnie; gang, an' play bools;" which he said means marbles. I ganged, of course. The Scotchmen were big fellows, and they seemed to be proud of the way they talked. Old Thistle came up to me the next day, and shook my hand, and swore at me again, but he laughed pleasantly as he did it, and then he let me slide a stone or two, and I think I'll go in for curling when I grow up. It's just like a Scotchman. You never know him at first, and they say the crusty ones are always trusty ones. My Scotchman gave me a real silver curling-stone scarf pin.

What a city this is for sleighing! No sloppy roads one day and hard ones the next. No wheels to-day and runners to-morrow. A constant jingle of bells, and quick trot of horses, and all kinds of sleighs, rough and handsome, little and big. And just fancy, Bob, the hackmen of Montreal turned out their finest teams, six and four in hand, and gave everybody free drives all the afternoon! Father said he believed the winter carnival had inaugurated the millennium. It was a civic half-holiday. There were over two thousand sleighs in the procession in which the hackmen joined, and it was such rare fun to get a free drive, that several of us boys had a luxurious old time jumping out of one into another, and trying all sorts of turnouts, from four-in-hand to single rigs.

After the drive, we stopped at McGill College gate and saw the Snow-shoe Steeple Chase, when fifteen fellows toed the line, and started in their jerseys and knickerbockers to run to the top of the mountain and back, a distance of about three miles cross country. They think nothing of running to the Back River, eight miles; and they go to Lachine and back, or some other place, every Saturday, about twenty miles, just for the sport of the thing. It was great fun to see some of the most

eager fellows going headlong into the deep snow when they tried to pass those ahead. Any unfair racing, such as tramping on each other's shoes, was not allowed, but in a jostle it must be awfully hard to avoid it. There wouldn't be much show for a Boston policeman if he had to chase one of these fellows over the snow. But perhaps you don't know what snow-shoes are. Of course one is worn on each foot. They are of Indian origin, made of light ash, bent to an oval, and the ends fastened together by cat-gut. The interior is then crossed with two pieces of flat wood to strengthen the frame, and the whole is woven with cat-gut, like a lawn tennis bat. An opening is left for the motion of the toes in raising the heel in stepping out. The netting sustains the weight of the body, and the shoe sinks only an inch or two, and when one foot is bearing the weight the other is lifted up, and over, and onwards. The shoes are fastened to the moccasoned feet by thongs of deer-skin. The Canadians everywhere in Canada, from Halifax to the Rocky Mountains, use these shoes, and in the cities and towns form clubs. The Montreal Club ("Tuque Bleu") is half a hundred years old, so you see they've been enjoying themselves here for a long time. Father calls the carnival a "Snow Symposium." I asked Mr. Isles of the Windsor what that meant, and he gave me a city directory to look it up. I don't believe they've got a dictionary in the establishment. Perhaps they expect us to bring our own.

But of all sights under the moon, Bob, you should have seen the grand Snow-shoe and Torch-light procession of all the Snow-shoe clubs, the other evening, when they inaugurated the Ice Palace. Don't you remember how we used to watch for Christmas; when we rose early to see the new white world which had been born in a night? Wasn't it a sort of snow intoxication when we jumped into it, and shovelled it? Well, this seems the way even big men and women, and the horses, too, are affected by the snow. You see gray-headed men in blanket coats, with snow-shoes on their feet, jumping fences like deer. Father says he believes the Snow-shoe clubs worship the snow as the Persians did the sun.

A snow-storm set in during the afternoon. They said it was Vennor's contribution to the programme. In the evening everybody came to Dominion Square, where there was every sort of light but

sunlight. The Palace looked like glass; and I never saw anything so beautiful as when they burned blue, green, crimson and purple fires inside. By and by we heard a great cheer, and the procession of fifteen hundred fellows appeared, in club uniforms, each man carrying a lighted torch in one hand, and discharging Roman candles from the other. The old Montrealers led off, followed by the St. George, Le Canadien, Emerald, Argyle, Prince of Wales Rifles, St. Andrews, Mount Royal, and deputations from the Frontenac Club of Ottawa, and the Levis Club of Quebec. After going around and through the Palace, the procession headed for the mountain, went up

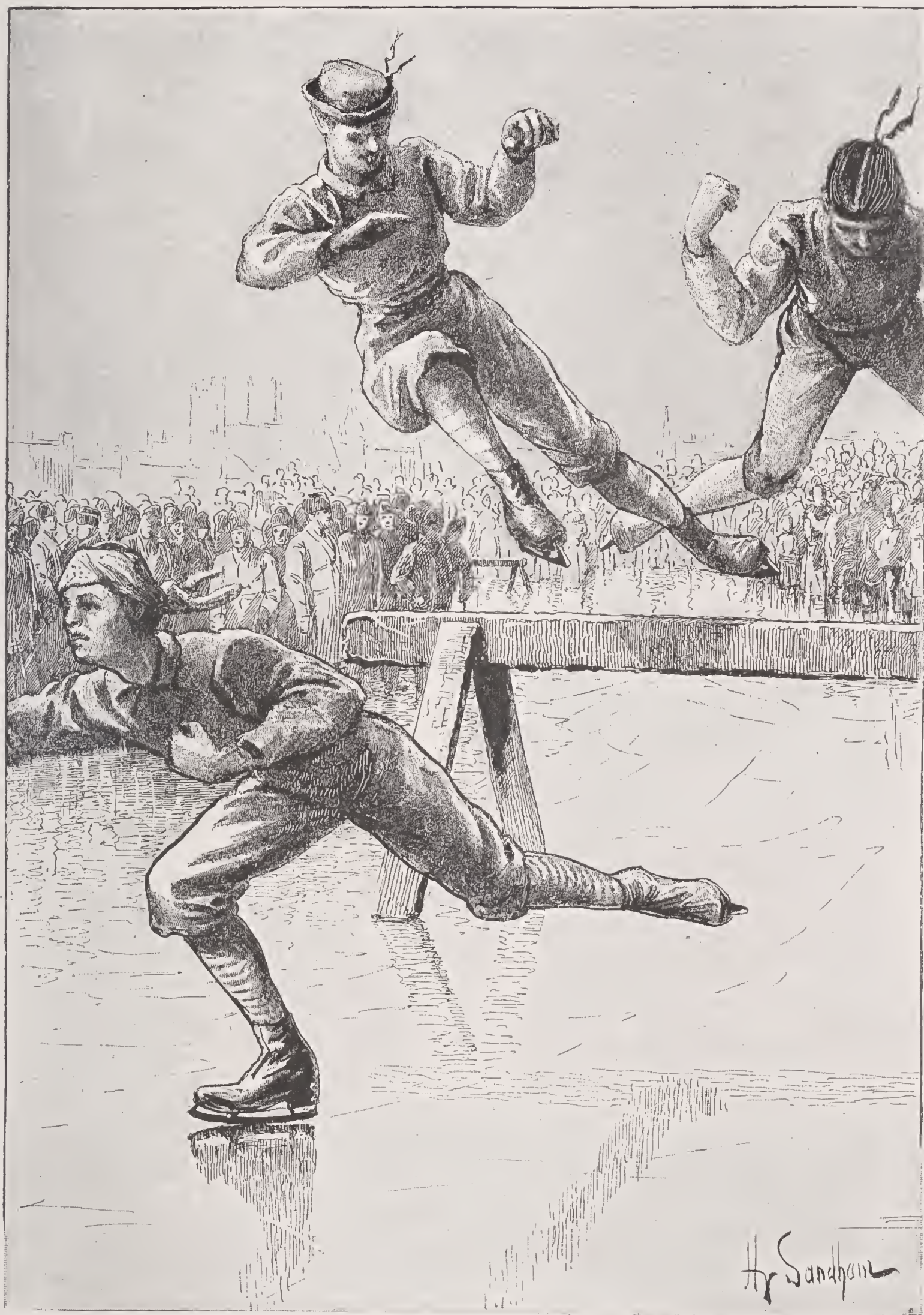


INSIDE THE ICE PALACE.

the old snow-shoe track, and returned down the zigzag road. From the city below the sight was picturesque. The long, serpentine trail was seen moving in and out, and twisting like a huge fire-snake, while the Roman candles shot their balls of fire into the air, and every now and then you could hear the peculiar "hoo-oo-oo-oo-oo" snow-shoe call. It was a grand and wild sight to see them coming back. A snow-storm had set in, and the flickering lights, the costumes, the sturdy, steady tramp of the fellows made one think of a midnight invasion by an army. I wonder if Boston would

turn out like that if we had more of Jack Frost's company. Every night since I've started in my sleep with imaginary snow-shoe calls, and think I

letic Association Gymnasium, and hundreds went in, and a good many of us strangers, too. Just think, they've got a Lacrosse Club, a Snow-shoe



THE HURDLE RACE.

see hundreds of fellows in white blanket coats, on snow-shoes, singing as they swing along —

Tramp ! tramp ! on snow-shoes tramping,
All the day we marching go,
Till at night by fires encamping
We find couches mid the snow !

They all stopped at the Montreal Amateur Ath-

letic Association Gymnasium, and hundreds went in, and a good many of us strangers, too. Just think, they've got a Lacrosse Club, a Snow-shoe Club, Bicycle Club, Chess Club, a Library, Reading Room, Billiards, Bowling Alley, Shooting Gallery and this Gymnasium in one association. I never saw such people. The Gymnasium has a piano, and a stage—they've got a dramatic club in it, too—and volunteer songs were sung, and speeches made, and some visitors from "the States" were "bounced" by these fellows in white blankets. When they want to show you how glad they are to see you, they catch hold of you and pitch you up into the air, and catch you in their arms as you come down. They did it to a gentleman I know, and he said he'd like it every day. He thought it was good for his liver, and that is what's the matter with him. They never bounce ladies.

I'm sure the Canadians must have a fellow-feeling for the Laplanders, who held that Paradise is in the centre of the snows of Sweden. Father was telling me that his sleeplessness has gone since he left his business behind him; and he says that there's many a man in Boston who cries with the French barber, "Alas ! why is there no sleep to be sold !"

who could get it to perfection, for nothing, in Canada, in winter. Old men have told us that the most delicious hours of their lives were when they were members of the old Montreal Snow-shoe Club.

There were three days of trotting races on the river, and lots of fun. Some good horses were brought here from "the States." I don't know anything about horses, but I should think they en-

joyed being horses that day. The skating races and games on the river took my fancy. First came a snow-shoe race of two hundred yards, followed by a skating race of a mile; then a quarter-mile barrel race; a quarter-mile backward race; another of two miles; a hurdle race of one hundred and fifty yards; a quarter mile obstacle race; and another one of two miles, all on skates. You see it was a jolly programme. You can hardly imagine the dash and excitement of the hurdle race. I never supposed they could jump the hurdles with skates on, but they went over them like deer, and you'd have laughed a pain into your side,

and then clearing the hurdles, and coming down safe and square to recover your balance and shoot off again. One fellow with a handkerchief around his head seemed as if he had wings. One



THE BARREL RACE ON SKATES.

HOCKEY.

in jumping looked like some of your specimens of bats, or butterflies, as he sprawled his legs. Another looked like a jumping-jack with the string pulled full length.

The barrel race kept everybody looking on, as well as the skaters, in roars of

laughter. I would have given anything to go in for it myself. Several common barrels, with their ends out, were placed at some distances

had you seen the odd positions some of the skaters took when going over. Fancy flying at full speed on the glare ice, and jumping at the right instant,

apart to the extent of quarter of a mile, and a lot of boys entered for the competition. At signal to start, off they dashed, and at the first barrel, two boys struggled to get in first, as the barrel would only hold one at a time and everybody had to go



FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL AT THE VICTORIA RINK.

through every barrel. The first boy who got in could hardly get through, as the barrel wriggled round on the ice, and when he came out he found his head facing where his heels had been, and he began to run back where he came from until he turned around and saw the other barrels, and then he bolted back again. The way those barrels turned around when the boys were in them was very funny. They seemed to turn the boys' heads too, as they had to look around where they were when they got out.

You and I know what lots of fun there is in

hockey on skates, but the Canadians go in for it systematically, and have clubs in the different cities. The contests between the cities drew thousands to the river, but the matches were finished in the skating-rinks, though they were narrow for an all-round game like hockey. The club from Quebec, and the McGill College Club of Montreal, were evenly matched. Some of the fellows got great cracks. They say that the great Canadian game of Lacrosse resembles hockey, and is even more fascinating. The players collided and tumbled over each other on account of the narrowness of the rink, and I guess some of them had pretty sore shins, for I saw a good many of them limping. But the limping ones were laughing the most.

On Thursday evening we all went to the Fancy Dress Carnival at the Victoria Skating Rink. The city has any number of enclosed skating-rinks, but the Victoria is the best, and has a very large membership. We went early, and the circle of seats was filled with spectators. The ice was like a huge piece of plate glass. In the middle a small edition of the Ice Palace was built, lit by electricity and colored lights, while a fountain of water played inside. Some one on top of it kept changing the colors, giving the ice and the water a beautiful appearance. I quite forgot that there was to be a masquerade of skaters, until the band struck up, and suddenly hundreds of fancy-dressed ladies and gentlemen on skates came from the two dressing rooms and glided into procession. In a few minutes the whole rink was a curious, pretty, changing circle of all sorts of dresses and colors. The characters of all our school histories seemed to be animated and put on skates, and among them glided fairies and harlequins. It was very funny to see the curious acquaintances, the different characters picked up as they went around. There were a lot of fellows dressed like fiends, with horns on their heads, and after they kept together in each other's bad company for a time, one went off arm in arm with "Queen Elizabeth," and another with "Brother Jonathan."

The animals were very clever. Two bears skated with a pretty girl. It was a sort of Beauty and the Beast, only Beauty couldn't make up her mind which to choose. One of the Bears fell down, and Beauty left them both and went off with the Gorilla.

Two skaters did Jumbo to perfection, and the big elephant swayed along the ice as easily as if it was its natural amusement. A crowd of boys followed it, catching hold of its tail and its trunk. I fancy the fellows inside had a hot time of it, and were glad to get out of their skin. The Lion and the Lamb skated together. There was a May Pole on the ice, and the band struck up a waltz, and about a dozen good skaters got hold of colored ribbons and waltzed around until they wound up the ribbons on the pole as they skated. It was very pretty. Then there was some splendid

was told I was too small to go, but Emily says it was "charming, elegant, exquisite." She wants me to tell you to tell your sister that she wore ecru satin, with lace trimmings, and garnet ornaments. At any rate, she looked good enough to eat when she was ready to start, but she looked as if somebody had been trying to eat her when she came back. She says the garlands and festoons of laurel and smilax, the camellias and roses, all came from Boston; and that the ball was perfectly splendid. I went to the Snow-shoe Concert instead, where the clubs gave us their rousing songs



SOME OF THE MASQUERADERS.

fancy and figure skating; and I was awfully sorry when I heard the band play *God Save the Queen*, which is always a hint in Canada to clear out.

We had tickets for the Grand Ball at the Windsor, but I didn't care a rap for it, especially as I

and choruses in costume. It was just like a club night, and the stage was got up in style. I tell you these snow-shoers can use their lungs as well as their legs.

On Saturday the Tandem Club met. There

was a splendid display of horses, trappings and sleighs; four-in-hand, Unicorns, Tandems, Paris, etc., and there was a tobogan, crossed with a pair of snow-shoes for a dash-board. They had a pony hitched to this, and I tell you they got a queer dusting of snow from the pony's heels. The club has regular meetings once a week, and drives out of town, and every single sleigh has a lady, and the big sleighs seemed to crowd as many girls into them as they can hold. I believe Canadian girls wouldn't be afraid to jump on the horses' backs in a pinch. We were all invited to the drive, and had a jolly four-in-hand. We wound up by going to the Kennels of the Montreal Hunt Club, the oldest club of the kind on the Continent. You should see this institution. It's worth coming to Montreal to see. The members wear scarlet coats, and hunt with a pack of hounds—forty couples. We had a splendid lunch at the Kennels. Father says they cost thirty thousand dollars.

I should have told you that we had a ride on a real railway, with a real locomotive, over the frozen St. Lawrence to Longueuil, on Saturday morning. We finished our programme by going to the snow-shoe races in the afternoon, on the Montreal Lacrosse grounds. There were two miles, one mile, half and quarter-miles, one hundred yards, hurdle races; boys' races; and a whole crowd of exciting sports on snow-shoes;

and the club members were all in uniform. It's perfectly splendid to see even boys younger than I am, racing on these snow-shoes as if they had some sort of steam invention fastened to their feet. They must make strong men; and father says the Carnival hasn't only given him intense pleasure, but serious thoughts. He says the Canadians in their healthy love of out-door sports are an example to young America, and, "Harry," said he, "if you never smoke, never drink strong liquor, strive to be a manly gentleman in thought, word and deed, and develop your muscle with your mind, and go in for gymnastics, and all honorable and healthy exercises, I'll be proud of you, my boy. There's a good deal to learn out of this Carnival. I'm glad we came, and I feel more like a brother to Canadians; and I must say, I admire their self-reliance, their pride in their Dominion, and their loyalty to old England, the mother of us both."

Wasn't that a speech for father to make?

I must stop now. This is the longest letter I ever wrote, but I've kept my promise, and I enjoyed writing it too. Keep it safely, as I'd like to read it myself often. I hope you'll come with me to the next Carnival. It will beat this one, they say. But I can't see how it can.

Your affectionate cousin,

HARRY.



EXTINCT CRATER OF HALEAKALA, ISLAND OF MAUI.

HOW THE BOOJUMS WENT DOWN THE CRATER.

BY TEN OF THE BOOJUMS.

INTRODUCTION (*by Papa Boojum*).

ON the little Island of Maui, one of the Hawaiian group, and occupying the largest part of it, is the mountain of Haleakala, or The House of the Sun. It is an extinct volcano raising its great dome ten thousand feet above the sea, and has in its top the largest crater in the world.

You may be sure that when Papa Boojum announced that he would take all the children of the neighborhood who could join him on a two days' camping-trip into the bottom of the big crater, the proposition was received with enthusiasm.

Eight boys and girls were allowed to go. The boys ranged all the way from Willie-boy, aged ten, to Papa Boojum's big boy Lyle, just down from the San Francisco High School on a vacation, who

nursed a very downy mustache on his lip and claimed to be sixteen. The two girls were eleven and twelve years old respectively.

The proposed trip has the name of being a very hard one and is seldom undertaken by tourists, who generally go only to the summit and look down into the crater. We were to explore its depths, a much harder trip, but perfectly feasible for people in good health if taken by easy stages.

The start was to be made from Olinda, a mountain retreat half-way to the summit, where the party was to gather long enough beforehand to be well rested for the undertaking. This was easily done as Papa Boojum was living at the mountain house at the time giving his family a little mountain air.

A merry party assembled at Olinda, filling the

house to overflowing. All were children except Papa Boojum and the Kanaka guide, "Uncle Joe;" but late the evening before the start a young gentleman made his appearance and asked to join the party. He was voted in (although he was not a child and could only claim to be a very distant cousin) because he brought a very handsome silver bugle with him and gave each one a chance to toot on it.

The party was dubbed "the Boojums" (after reading Lewis Carroll's poem) because the crater was "just the place for a Snark," and things had a way of "softly and suddenly vanishing away," especially the food and water.

No pack animals were taken, but the blankets and food were proportioned out so that each animal carried a share and none were burdened. Uncle Joe carried a light tarpaulin to be used as a tent.

After the party returned, Papa Boojum proposed that the children write a history of the trip. He divided the time occupied into ten as equal sections as possible, and let the Boojums each draw their subject by lots. Following is the result. Papa Boojum reserved the right to add parenthetical remarks, but all the matter outside of the parentheses were written by the children themselves, excepting, of course, the sections drawn by the bugler and Papa Boojum.

THE START (*by Sally Emma Boojum*).

We expected to go to the crater and stay a day or two, and hunt for the "Bottomless Pit" and the "Blow Hole," a hole that has been said to have been seen by a priest and by uncle Joe when he was a boy. (These wonderful and unfindable places are further described by Lyle Boojum in his section.)

The party was got up for Lyle Boojum who had come home to spend his vacation.

When the seven horses and four mules were saddled and packed with all sorts of bundles and bags, we all started about seven o'clock in the morning from Olinda.

Harry Bumpus Boojum carried one of the canteens and rode a little mule. ("Tommy," who had a reputation for eating rubber coats and running away.) Harry Boojum I. rode a little mule and carried a canteen. Henry Boojum rode a big mule and also carried a canteen. All the Henrys

were just alike. They all rode mules and carried canteens. Willie Boojum I. carried a canteen but he rode a horse ("Zulu"). Willie Boojum II. was the littlest one of the party. He is ten years old. Maud Boojum was the oldest girl in the party, and talked in her sleep. Emma Boojum was the youngest girl; she it was who put salt in Walter Boojum's coffee for sugar. Lyle Boojum was the oldest of the boys. Papa Boojum was the boss of the party. (He rode old "October" who had a sore side and had to be ridden without a girth.) Walter Boojum was the bugler and he rode a mule ("Uncle Abe" who knew just exactly when to stop to rest). He had a bugle and would sound the halts and starts.

Now there was one more, the Kanaka guide, whom we called "Uncle Joe." (His real name was Keo Kaima, and he was famous for the places he couldn't find.)

We rode on merrily, laughing at every little joke and picking ohelos. (The ohelo is a delicious mountain berry shaped like a huckleberry and colored like a cranberry, but tasting like neither.) Harry Boojum got the biggest bunch of all. It was just lovely.

When we got to Puunianiau (a large hill on the side of the mountain where the last water can be got as you go up) we found the water-hole almost dry, so we went round Puunianiau three miles out of our road. There we found plenty of water and also that Harry Boojum had left his canteen at the other water-hole. (Here the animals were watered and containers filled for the trip.)

After we left Puunianiau uncle Joe lost the track. (He was always doing it.) We rode on a long way and at last Papa Boojum found it again.

Next we came to the cave. (Yes, after several hours' ride over horribly stony and precipitous roads that she don't mention. The cave is an old lava bubble with the side blown out, about half a mile from the summit, where travellers sometimes sleep if the fleas will let them.) Here Walter Boojum, the bugler, passed around some doughnuts and said, "Dough-nut to spare!" — "Do not despair!" And Papa Boojum made a fire.

After resting awhile we rode on up, and everybody was anxious to get to the top, for there were six of us who had never seen the crater. (And yet they had nearly all lived for the greater part of their lives on the slope of Haleakala within sixteen miles

of it. Uncle Joe and Papa Boojum were the only ones who had been to the bottom.) After that we found not so many ohelos but more bunch grass. (The ascent this last half-mile is very steep for horses, through heavy black lava sand and bunch grass.) When we got almost to the top, there was a great hurrah in the party. Bumpus had found an old saddle blanket.

OVER THE RIM (*should have been by Walter Boojum, but wasn't, four Boojums had a hand in it*).

A few more steps, and the grand old crater was before us in all its weirdness.

The sight was so impressive that for a time all stood silently gazing. It was awful to think that this immense desert waste was once a lake of fire, with all its throats belching forth streams of molten lava, ashes and punice-stone. It is about twenty-eight miles around the rim, and nine miles across it the longest way. It is not round but horseshoe shaped, and has two great breaks in its sides through which the rivers of lava used to flow out and down to the sea at Koolau and Kaupo. The wall, with the exception of these two gaps, is continuous and very steep. The depth of the crater is twenty-five hundred feet.

Its bottom is flat and dotted with smaller cones containing craters which were probably active long after the main crater was hardened over. Some of these cones, or fire-chimneys, were very large and would be called mountains in a level country. The largest is over eight hundred feet high. From the bottom of the nearest cone seemed to come a stream of very black lava flowing off across the floor of the crater out of the Koolau Gap. This, we are told by scientists, is the newest lava in the crater and was thrown out by the last dying effort of the volcano. This was so many hundreds of years ago that there is now no reliable tradition of its activity since there were people on the Islands.

To explore this great waste gulf was our errand. There is only one place to go down into it — some miles around the crest to the right. Formerly there was another trail, off to the left in the Koolau

Gap; but this has been allowed to fall into disuse and is now almost impassable. We all stood and had a good look before we had our dinner.

Just over the edge was an elegant echo. It gave back four distinct reverberations. Papa Boojum dropped over the crest and tooted the bugle and shouted till he was red in the face to furnish echoes for the rest to hear. We had plenty of fun rolling big stones over the edge and watching them go bounding down, kicking up a dust till they were so far down that we couldn't follow them with our eyes.

Part of the crater was clear, and part covered with clouds; but as we stood there they all disappeared, leaving it clear. Away off to the southwest over the far rim of the crater we could see the two peaks of Hawaii — Mauna-loa and Mauna-kea, the latter covered with dazzling white snow.

And now for our first meal. An overhanging ledge of lava rocks sheltered us from the wind and sun, and our lunch was set out on papers and stones. Hard-boiled eggs and scalloped oysters were the preferred articles of the bill-of-fare. Some of the Boojums had the assurance to complain of the water, because it had a taste to it. (They would have given anything for a drink of it the next day coming up the Sliding Sands.) After our lively appetites had been appeased, all mounted, and off we started along the rim, through ragged lava rocks, with a peep over into the yawning gulf every few minutes as the trail led us near the brink. The horses did not like the rough lava and needed a good deal of urging.

To our right, as we rode, the mountain sloped to the isthmus of sand which connected the two mountains forming this island; but the grand view of mountain and sea was hidden by a white covering of clouds.

But for this cloud-carpet five islands besides our own could have been seen at this point where it was nearly two miles above the sea-level. The roads were fearful, the horses climbing up and down ledge after ledge of jagged lava which gave a very insecure footing. Our animals were used to this kind of travel, however, and no accidents occurred.



THE DESCENT OF THE BOOJUMS INTO HALEAKALA.

HOW THE BOOJUMS WENT DOWN THE CRATER.

BY TEN OF THE BOOJUMS.

OVER THE RIM (*continued*).

AN hour's ride brought us to the "White Hill," the landmark that told us that the trail down into the crater was near. This hill was covered with old forts said to have been built by an ancient chief. Here we made a half-hour's stop and looked around for specimens. Sometimes old stone hatchets and weapons have been found here, but all we could discover that looked mysterious was some smooth round stones such as are found only at the seashore. We concluded that the ancient warriors had brought them up to use as weapons, perhaps as ammunition for slings.

From this point an immense sandbank sloped to the bottom of the crater much less abruptly than the rest of the inner wall, and it was possible to ride down; so here we go over the edge and down the dizzy slope. Those who preferred, walked, and led their horses. This sand had evidently been blown up into this corner of the crater by the trade-winds, for all the space between the first cone and the side of the crater was so filled that the trail down led us right over the top of it, and we could look down into its mouth. A halt was called and we examined it. It was perfectly round and funnel-shaped, some three hundred feet across and perhaps one hundred and fifty deep. We could see that a stone pen had been built in its bottom — it may be as an altar by the ancient worshippers of "Pele." (The goddess who formerly made Haleakala her home, but afterward abandoned it for the warmer quarters of Kilauea, the active volcano on Hawaii.)

Papa Boojum had an idea that the wonderful Blow-hole was somewhere near the base of this cone. So he took Bumpus and Henry Boojum with him and they slid and jumped down the steep side, while the rest of the party led their horses down the more gradual sand-slope.

At the bottom of the cone the explorers found the point where the newest lava had forced its way out and flowed off over the older floor; and in this they searched, unsuccessfully, for the Blow-hole. But they did find a peculiar cave with a tall chim-

ney to it, and they called it "Satan's Kitchen." Travelling around the foot of the cone, they made their way over toward the horses' trail, where they met Lyle Boojum who had left the rest below, and come back to find them.

Farther on they found another and very remarkable cave. From a very small opening in the top, not two feet across, it extended in both directions, very small at one end but sloping off the other and spreading out into several chambers. Two of these were nearly eight feet wide and floored with a fine black sand which had sifted through the crevices in the top. The roof was fully seven feet high and covered with pendants like icicles, formed by the melted lava, cooling as it dropped. They called this cave "Anaoka Moo" or "The Cave of the Serpent," but the children vulgarized it into "Snake Cave."

Going on down they joined the cavalcade on the flat floor of the crater at the foot of the next cone, where they had had a good long rest and got the sand out of their shoes. Before us stretched the even floor, as firm and almost as smooth as a shell road. There was plenty of room for a canter; for this beautiful, beautiful floor extended for miles in all directions, only broken by the great cones and chimneys which towered above us. Off we dashed, every one enjoying it — even the horses, after their slow and tedious day's trip.

IN THE BOTTOM (*by Willie Boojum I*).

After the Colonel (Papa Boojum), Bumpus and Henry Boojum had joined us at the bottom of the crater, we went off to look for water. Keo Kaiama said he knew where water could be found, so we went over for a long time, and then we came to the place, but there was not any. Joe went off to hunt more while we Boojums got off and ate some taro. (This is the main food of the natives, and is a very nutritious vegetable. It is the root of a plant something like a calla lily, and is grown in pits of soft mud. The Kanakas usually pound it into a soft paste, called poi, but what we had was simply boiled.)

Lyle Boojum left his horse, Iolani, untied. He got his foot in the bridle and jerked up his head and that knocked his saddle under him. And then he kicked and backed, and then flew towards where people go out of the crater. Papa Boojum and Harry Boojum followed after. They saw him racing up the side of the crater. Some of the other Boojums followed after, on foot. First we found a stirrup, then an oil-cloth coat, then a boot. When Papa Boojum and Harry Boojum came back, they had found the other stirrup. When we got back to the rest, Joe had returned, but had not found

any water. Then we got on our horses and rode off to find the sleeping cave, but we could not, and we had to pitch our tent beside a hill. Joe had to find a place for himself. He slept under some trees by a blazing fire.

THE FIRST CAMP (*by Bumpus*).

Uncle Joe, after looking for the Ana Mokuahi (The Cave of Smoke) a long time, said he couldn't find it, so Papa Boojum picked out a place to camp. (This cave has its only opening in the



FIRE FOUNTAINS AND TEMPORARY CHIMNEYS.

[In speaking of the fire-crater at Kilauea Miss Gordon Cumming says, "The surface of the outer crater is at any moment liable to change; the lava floods . . . may open up 'occasional' chimneys in unexpected places, quite independently of . . . the true chimney . . . known as Halemaumau or House of Everlasting Burning." She describes one of the blowing cones, or chimneys, as "a quaint hollow tower about thirty feet in height which within the last few days has built itself up . . . it began to roar and blow as if in great excitement, and a white light, like burning gas, played above it. The molten metal within surged up . . . A weak place in the funnel . . . trembled . . . rose and fell as if struggling convulsively, like the lid of some mighty kettle; finally it burst open, and the torrent of molten rock poured forth in a thick liquid stream, of a glowing flame-color. . . . This chimney-building is a very curious process. Each is literally built up by its own internal action . . . layer upon layer of shining gray lava. The interior is of a much redder colour, and is highly glazed. . . . Some of the hottest fissures are edged and lined with flowers of sulphur, like golden frost-work, always scalding to the touch. . . . Sometimes the great fire-fountains toss their spray so high that . . . the breeze catches it sportively and carries it far away over the island and the birds line their nests with this silky volcanic hair . . . this filmy finely-spun glass is known as Pele's hair. It is of a rich olive-green, or yellowish brown colour . . . glossy . . . brittle. . . . Sometimes you can collect handfuls, clinging to the rocks to which it has drifted, generally with a pear-shaped drop attached to it."]

top. Inside it spreads out on all sides and is large enough to sleep fourteen people comfortably. Papa Boojum relied on Joe to find it, as he had only been to it twice; but Joe failed him as usual. Ana Mokuahi really means "Steamboat Cave.")

The place picked out was beside a hill which was covered with grass and bushes so that we could get feed for our horses and mules. (The hill was one of the oldest of the fifteen cones or small extinct volcanoes. Most of them have no vegetation on them at all.)

When we stopped, Boojum-Walter made a fire. The rest unsaddled the horses and tied them to the bushes and rocks. When the horses were all tied we began to look for a place to spread the tarpaulin. We thought we would hang it on a tree that was just at the bottom of the hill; but when it was up the tree held it so high that it did not cover enough ground for all ten of us to get under. So Papa Boojum found a ledge of rocks about three feet high, and we put one edge of the tarpaulin on that and fastened it down by putting rocks along the edge of it. Then we fastened the other side and one end down in the same way. We got some sticks and put them up in the middle with one end in the sand. Then we had a tent three feet high, six or seven feet wide and twelve or fourteen feet long. (The camp was in the midst of rough lava ledges but the bottom under the tarpaulin was perfectly flat.) When the tent was fixed and the blankets and provisions had been brought over, all the boys took off their shoes and stockings and ran over to the fire to get warm. When the coffee was made Boojum-Walter thought he would have a drink before the rest began to eat; so he looked for the sugar but he could not find it because it had been forgotten. (Yes; as only children and Papa Boojum comprised the party as first planned for, no coffee was provided, but when Walter Boojum joined, the coffee was added for his benefit, but the sugar was forgotten.) At last Boojum-Emma thought *she* had found it and handed it to him. It was really salt, but he did not know it and put a good lot in his coffee. You ought to have seen the face he made! (Bumpus forgets to tell how Boojum-Walter melted the nose, handle, and cover off the coffeepot in his frantic efforts to make that coffee. New campers always do it if they get a chance.) The girls and Papa Boojum spread bags down in the tent over the sand and

put the bread, jelly, chicken, and crackers out on them, and we sat around and ate them, and they tasted good, I tell you.

After supper all went over and lay around the fire that Joe Kaiama had been building higher and higher with big logs. Every one that he put on would send a lot of sparks away up in the air. (If any of the old heathen goblins were in the neighborhood they must have been startled at the shouts the children gave at each host of sparks.) While we lay around the fire we sang all the songs we could think of. (The night was beautifully clear and the cold rare air was delightful.)

About nine o'clock we went over to get the tent ready to sleep in. First we spread rubber coats all over the floor, then saddle blankets over them, so nobody had to sleep in the sand. Just before going to bed two of the boys went out to see if the horses were all right. They found one not tied at all, one had broken his rope, and one was tied to a little bunch of ferns that he could have pulled right up. So you see if the boys hadn't gone out, there would have been a big pilikia the next day. (This word "pilikia" is one of the most expressive in the Hawaiian language and is one of the first learned by foreigners. It means any trouble or worry, from the smallest inconvenience to the very tightest fix.)

When they got back everybody was in bed.

THE FIRST NIGHT (*by Henry Boojum*).

We went to bed about half-past nine. The tarpaulin was from two to three feet high, held up by two sticks in the middle. Our sleeping quarters were rather cramped. Maud and Emma Boojum slept in the back and crosswise. Then came uncle Papa Boojum and Boojums Harry, Lyle and Willie I. their heads pointing inward. Next to them lay Bumpus and Boojums Walter, Henry and Willie; their heads pointing outward. (Of course the eight pair of feet were dreadfully mixed). The last named four slept with their heads out in the open air. Boojum-Willie I. slept with a stone in the middle of his back and a saddle for his pillow. The rain drizzled down in his face and he didn't like it. Uncle Joe slept in his blanket out by the big bonfire. After all got settled there were cries like these:

"Take those cold feet off my back."

"Quit pinching with your toes."

There were other expressions from those that wanted to go to sleep undisturbed. (Harry Boojum kept punching.) We slept in pairs with two blankets for each pair, which caused some trouble. For instance one of the Boojums took nearly all of Bumpus' blankets. Boojum-Willie ate too much and groaned in his sleep. Some were afraid that wild cattle would run over the camp in the night, as uncle Joe said he had seen tracks. He kept the bonfire going most of the night, which would have kept them away anyhow.

We were all up bright and early. The first thing

while for the Cave of Epsom Salts (this is a cave said to be lined with crystals resembling epsom salts, but H. B. is mistaken in thinking I was in search of it. I was really in search of a point on the Koolau cliff which in connection with a point on the opposite side of the crater would give me the bearing of the Bottomless Pit), but he could not find it. Papa Boojum climbed also one of the highest cones in the bottom of the crater in search of the Bottomless Pit, but did not find it. (This was a tremendous climb on an empty stomach.)

When breakfast was ready Boojum-Walter blew



IN THE CRATER OF KILAUEA, ISLAND OF HAWAII. OVERFLOW OF A NEW LAKE OF FIRE.

[Miss Gordon Cumming describes the hardened lava-flows as "contorted into all manner of forms, such as huge coils of rope, folds of rich, black, satin drapery, waves of glistening black glass . . . a perfectly petrified waterfall . . . even the individual particles of spray lay tossed about like congealed raindrops. . . . Over one steep bank the lava had flowed so gently that it hung in folds like rich drapery — you might have fancied a velvet curtain caught up for effect, in an artist's studio. Below it lay what looked like many nests of snakes coiled up in intricate convolutions, as if boa-constrictors, and great pythons, and little rattlesnakes, and reptiles of every size, had here congregated."]

done was to put on shoes and boots and run to the fire and get warm. The horses were looked to and found all right. Then Uncle Boojum started off to find the epsom-salts cave. Boojums Lyle, Henry, Bumpus, and Willie II. followed, and Willie I. and Harry went off to look for the Bottomless Pit, while the girls and Walter Boojum staid at the camp to get breakfast ready. Papa Boojum looked a long

his bugle. (When I heard the bugle it sounded as though it was exactly in the opposite direction from where I knew the camp to be. This was owing to the remarkable echo, which was louder than the original sound where I stood. If the fog had been very dense I might not have got in to breakfast.) Boojums Willie and Harry brought two nice specimens of "Silver-sword" with them which they

found on top of the cone which they had explored. (This is a very beautiful plant found in very few places in the world. In general shape it is like the aloe. Its leaves are long and slender and of a beautiful silver-white color. They are stiff but not hard and strong like the spikes of the aloe.) Some fog came into the crater from the Kaupo Gap as they brought their Silver-swords in, which uncle Joe said was caused by their pulling them up. He said if they pulled up one of the dark kind of Silver-swords a very big fog would come in and fill the crater so that we couldn't get out. But he wasn't too superstitious to make *leis* (wreaths) for some of the Boojums from the white leaves of the Silver-sword while the rest of us sat down to breakfast.

HOMeward (by Lyle Boojum).

That is, we squatted down. As there were no chairs we could not sit down. Some of us even lay down as we ate. The breakfast consisted of tongue, hard-tack, bread and coffee, with condensed milk, and crystalized strawberry jam for sugar, and was enjoyed very much,

After breakfast everything was in a bustle. All the horses had to be saddled and the blankets and other things put on the saddles.

The bugle was discovered to be mashed! The question "Who sat on the bugle?" was asked but not answered—evidently a mystery that would never be found out.

One horse being gone, all but the two young ladies took turns walking two hundred steps.

"Pele's Pig-pen" was soon reached and turned out to be much larger than expected. (This is an immense lava bubble with the top blown out, and so imbedded in the sand that the sides form a large pen of say fifty feet diameter.)

A little farther on a halt was called, and we scattered to look for the Bottomless Pit, into which it is said if you throw a stone you cannot hear the noise of its striking. (When last in the crater Papa Boojum had seen and measured a deep pit at the point where we now halted, and which was then pointed out to him as the Bottomless Pit. It measured ninety-one feet in depth, and the place where it was is now covered with sand.)

When they were hunting, Papa Boojum and Lyle Boojum went up a hill of lava which had deep

cracks in it. They found a crack that they could not see the bottom of. Going down this hill they found some Silver-swords. Lyle Boojum picked one to carry home with him. A fort had been discovered by the other Boojums. In it they found some of the smooth white round stones that the aborigines used for weapons. The Bottomless Pit was not found at all.

At last the march was resumed. Papa Boojum and uncle Joe walked a good deal, trying to find the Blow Hole, another great natural wonder, where it is said the draught is so great that it will cast back a stone that has been thrown into it. They did not find it.

There was a place a little beyond that the guide told us the day before could not be crossed, as the horses feet would sink so deep into the sand they could not be got out. We rode right over the dangerous ground though. No accident happened. When we were crossing this sand Walter Boojum suddenly exclaimed, "There's Iolani!"

Sure enough, there was the runaway horse, quietly standing with the saddle under his stomach. Harry and Bumpus Boojum caught him. The tracks showed that he had run part of the way out of the crater and then come back again, probably disgusted with the steep ascent. Then the procession moved on to Snake Cave.

ONEHEEHEE (by Willie Boojum I.).

Snake Cave is a long cave, about one hundred feet long, about five feet wide and from three to seven feet high. It has very fine sand all over the bottom and at one end it has the finest sand I ever saw. It has but one opening big enough for a man to go through, and this is a small hole in the top just big enough.

This is where we ate our dinner; and we had to do it by the light of some candles. We had cold mutton and crackers with some crystalized jam, and everything good that we could have except water, and that gave out before it got half-way round, and the folks that did not get any went without until night. (This was the first real hardship of the trip. When Papa Boojum found that the crater water-holes were dry, he ordered Joe to hide two gallon demijohns of water which he had carried. Papa Boojum wanted to make sure of that much for the return trip. Joe did hide them, but

some of the party found them and they were nearly emptied by the thirsty Boojums before it was found out.)

There was another cave near the Snake Cave that we named "Pele's Summer Residence." It is a common cave with another room going out of it in the inner end. We didn't go in, so we can't tell how big it is. Then we started for the top, going up the Sliding Sands, otherwise called "Onehee-hee." (Papa Boojum had uncle Joe build a cairn of stones five feet high to mark the site of Snake Cave. It is quite near the trail at the bottom of the Sliding Sands.)

We all walked part of the way up so as to rest our horses, except Willie Boojum II., and he had the strongest horse and was the smallest boy, and Boojum-Walter, otherwise the bugler, couldn't lead his mule and so he rode all the way up.

Every little while some one would say, "Oh! if I only had a drink I would give almost anything."

(Some of the Boojums were so thirsty that they chewed the stems of the bunch-grass, which slightly relieved them. Half-way up P. B. divided a few drops of water that he had saved, between the three weakest members of the party.)

On the way up the Colonel's (Papa Boojum) saddle slipped back, and Iolani took to bucking, but it was all right again in a little while.

We got to the top in three hours after we left Snake Cave.

And now for Halemauu.

ALONG THE EDGE (*by Maude Boojum*).

The Boojums left the top tired and thirsty. Papa Boojum said they could get to Halemauu in half an hour (never! I may have said it after we had ridden along the edge an hour or so, but I only said then that Halemauu was the nearest place we could find water), and that it was the quickest way to get to water, besides being the best road. (I will have to admit that I said that, but it was a mistake. I think that Joe picked out the very worst he could find. They were simply terrific.) The road was covered with stones and lava sand. (The last part was a succession of rocky ledges worse than Putnam's famous stone steps).

The bugler tumbled over his mule's head and broke his girth (the mule's, not the bugler's) and

crupper when he was going down a steep stony place.

Every little while we would have to stop and fix our girths. Bumpus had been carrying his blankets all the way from the crater. Once when he stopped to fix his girth he laid them down, and his mule got away and ran down the mountain side. When he had caught the mule he found he had forgotten where he had put the blankets. He looked a long time for them but could not find them.

When we got to Halemauu it was nearly dark. We got off our horses and tied them to grass and rocks.

CALAMITY CAVE (*by Papa Boojum*).

Just before dark we arrived at Halemauu, a spot on the rim of the crater near where the disused trail starts down into it. The wind blew cold over the verge from the crater and chilled us. There was still no water, but Papa Boojum and Harry Boojum started off with canteens to find some while the other half-frozen Boojums got the horses and mules unsaddled and all the traps moved down into an overhanging ledge in the side of a gulch. This was discovered by Henry Boojum to the joy of the party.

The horses were tied along the edge of another gulch near by, where stones were to be had to which to tie them. The poor things had not had any water for nearly thirty-six hours, but the grass was damp and it was so cold that they didn't suffer, seemingly, from thirst. It was out of the question to water them, as it would be dangerous getting them down the precipitous sides of the gulches in the dark, even if a water-hole could be found.

The cave was not at all deep and had a stone ledge in it that took up nearly half of it. Emma Boojum and Maude Boojum got out the eatables while the boys built a fire at the end of the cave, away from the wind. They put on wraps and with the help of the fire soon began to thaw out a little.

Uncle Joe and Bumpus came in and reported finding water. Oh! how delicious that water was. You can imagine how thirsty the Boojums were. They had travelled all day over horrible roads, and had climbed two thousand five hundred feet out of the crater in the broiling sun without a drop of water.

Papa Boojum was still off water-hunting, and it was getting dark fast. The mashed bugle was blown to guide him to camp and his answering shout was heard a long way off down the mountain side. He was a long time getting up, he was so tired. He had found water nearly a mile down the mountain and had climbed back with a full canteen.

All hands set to work to stretch the tarpaulin over the jutting stones at the mouth of the cave to protect us from the cold wind. These stones were so high that Walter Boojum had to be lifted up on the shoulders of Lyle Boojum and uncle Joe to put the tarpaulin up. The corners were drawn back and tied to rocks in the cave.

Now we could light candles and eat supper. We were very merry over it, if we had had a hard day. A vote of thanks was given to Henry Boojum for finding the cave, which I am sorry to say was reconsidered the next morning and three groans given him instead, as the cave turned out to be very uncomfortable. It was then named "Calamity Cave" by common consent.

About the time we finished eating a gust of wind blew the tarpaulin in and all the work had to be done over again. This time it was forced farther around the jutting crags and ballasted with heavy stones at the bottom to keep it from flapping. It was after nine o'clock when we had finished supper. Everybody voted for going to bed immediately.

Papa Boojum proposed that he and Lyle Boojum should take their blankets and sleep in the bunch grass at the top, but others thought there was plenty of room for all in the cave. In order to test it every one lay down side by side and cross-wise except Walter Boojum who had found a place big enough for one on the ledge of rocks. It was found that there was just room enough by squeezing and letting Papa Boojum sleep outside the tarpaulin with one elbow in the fire and his legs hanging down the gulch.

The young ladies were requested to arrange the blankets while Papa Boojum and Boojums Bumpus and Lyle climbed to the top of the cliff to see if the horses and mules were all right. They were found to be all wrong. They had been tied too closely together and were all tangled up and some of them loose. After considerable trouble they were arranged to Papa Boojum's satisfaction and

all got ready for a good night's rest. The uaus were screaming around us all the evening, probably excited by our fire so near their nests. The uau is a very fat and peculiar-looking sea-bird that builds its nest and hatches its young in holes on the tops of the mountains. If it lives only on fish it has a very long way to go to its breakfast. It makes a very discordant noise which, at times, sounds almost like an angry wife scolding her husband for falling over a chair. Uncle Joe said that if we built a big fire up on the cliff the uaus would fly into it and we could have some for supper, but we were afraid of setting fire to the tall dry grass and starting a conflagration. These birds kept up such a racket and the beds were so uncomfortable that some of us did not sleep much.

THE RIDE HOME (*by Harry Boojum I.*)

"Colonel" put the lights out. A good deal of false snoring. Then came a short silence, broken by "groaning" Boojum, groaning with the stomach-ache.

No more noise, except an occasional snore from "Bugler," till towards morning, when "pensive and sad" Boojum commenced talking in her sleep, saying, "Click, click, click, click, I can't get this old horse along."

Everybody too cold and sleepy to get up and see the sun rise.

We made a little fire with a big smoke to cook breakfast.

We found some mushrooms in a cave not ten feet off where we could have slept comfortably if we had found it the night before.

We ate the mushrooms for breakfast.

Bumpus went out to look for his lost blankets and hunted for two hours and came back without them.

After breakfast we saddled up our horses and started off toward the water-hole which the Colonel had found, to give our horses water.

(We had considerable trouble getting them down to it in daylight even. Iolani, who was quite stiff from yesterday's performance, had difficulty in getting his head down to the water and finally lay flat on his side and twisting his head around drank with one eye in the water.)

Then we started home. We soon struck the path that leads to Olinda, but Henry Boojum

pulled a Silver-sword which brought on the fog, and the guide got turned around and thought it went in the wrong direction, and left it and went off in another path of his own invention, away out of the way of course. (And oh! what roads and gulches he did take us over, and miles out of the road.)

We laughed at him, changed our direction, and soon found the path and started back, stopping every little while to girth up somebody's saddle, or to gather a bunch of ohelos. (During the fog Papa Boojum had all hands count very often from front to rear, to make sure that all were on hand and that there were no stragglers. Frequent halts were

made to allow the slow ones to catch up. Papa Boojum came to grief trying to pick a very nice bunch of ohelos for Emma Boojum. He had no girth to his saddle and when he tried to mount, after presenting the fruit to the young lady, old October turned suddenly and Papa Boojum and his saddle found themselves rolling in the dirt.)

At last we came in sight of the house, and then the mashed bugle began and we had discords all the way home.

When we arrived we found everybody on the veranda smiling from ear to ear.

We unsaddled and went in and got a good home meal.



AN ARAPAHOE BABY CARRIAGE.

THE CARLISLE SCHOOL FOR INDIAN PUPILS.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.



CENTURIES of wrong often right themselves by the refusal of scales to longer blind the eyes of "the powers that be." And poetic justice is satisfied when retribution is meted out from the long garnering of silent abuses. Sometimes we

can afford to wait for these slow processes in the which Justice comes tardily to herself. In our backward glance over our dealings as new-comers with our Indian brethren, the owners of our boasted possession — this goodly land, we exclaim: "Why was Justice so slow to take the sword herself?"

That will do for the past. Having awaked and turned our faces toward the light, we only ask now, "What can we do for the Indian to requite him?"

It is some comfort to know that much has been done for him. That into the seething turmoil of many political problems, and the almost overwhelming mass of matter, great and small, that

clogs the Congressional wheels, has penetrated the thin blade of a "This do; for the Lord requireth it at thy hand."

So now the Indian stands at our right hand, not so much as a suppliant, but a brother demanding his rights; and having awaked to our duty, we gladly, yet with considerable perplexity as to the how, cast about in our minds what and how to requite.

Brave men have worked at the problem long. Women as brave, have struggled on and prayed. Their work stands before us all as monuments of wonder in the face of everything but despair.

"The Carlisle School for the education of Indian youth" is one of these huge endeavors successfully wrought out. For the young people and the family, this volume gives space to a description, with authentic pictures, of its inception, its working force, its methods and plans, that by this study of what has been done, what is still being achieved, and what the future is to bring, we may all come somewhat more understandingly to a clearer idea of the claims of the Indian upon us.

How did the school begin? In 1875, some Indian prisoners were sent for various misdemean-



CAPT. R. H. PRATT.

ors from the Indian Territory as prisoners to Florida. By order of General Sheridan, the War Department placed R. H. Pratt, 1st Lieutenant Tenth U. S. Cavalry over them as superintendent. They located in the sleepy Spanish town St. Augustine. Lieutenant Pratt, with the Christian energy that all of us who know him recognize as one grand element of his success in this chosen life-work, immediately set to work with a zeal unparalleled, on this most difficult problem, "How furnish mental knowledge and industrial training at one and the same time, to these down-trodden creatures?"

A record of this part of the work would be intensely interesting; how he enlisted the sympathy and aid of several ladies wintering in St. Augustine,

who volunteered to help teach the Indians; how he seized the meagre opportunities afforded to train them industrially, by setting them to pick oranges, grub the land, to boat pine logs and construct out of them log huts, that they might learn how to replace their skin tepes; how every chance to teach them practical methods of self-support was most eagerly grasped. But the space is short, and Carlisle beckons us on. Suffice it to say that a marked success was his, resulting in the sending to General Armstrong, at Hampton Institute, first seventeen pupils, then fifty-two more, including girls. Then Lieutenant Pratt proposed to the Interior and War Departments to undertake the education of two hundred and fifty to three hundred children at the old military Barracks at Carlisle, Pa., which was accepted.

This was the beginning of the Carlisle School which opened on the first of November, 1879, with one hundred and forty-seven students.

Now, then, what and where were "the Old Barracks?"

The Old Barracks were first erected and occupied as a prison for the Hessian troops captured by Washington at Trenton in 1776. The old Guard House built at the time by these Hessian prisoners still remains. Other buildings, in the shape of those now standing, were erected during the Florida War, 1835-36, remaining until 1863, when

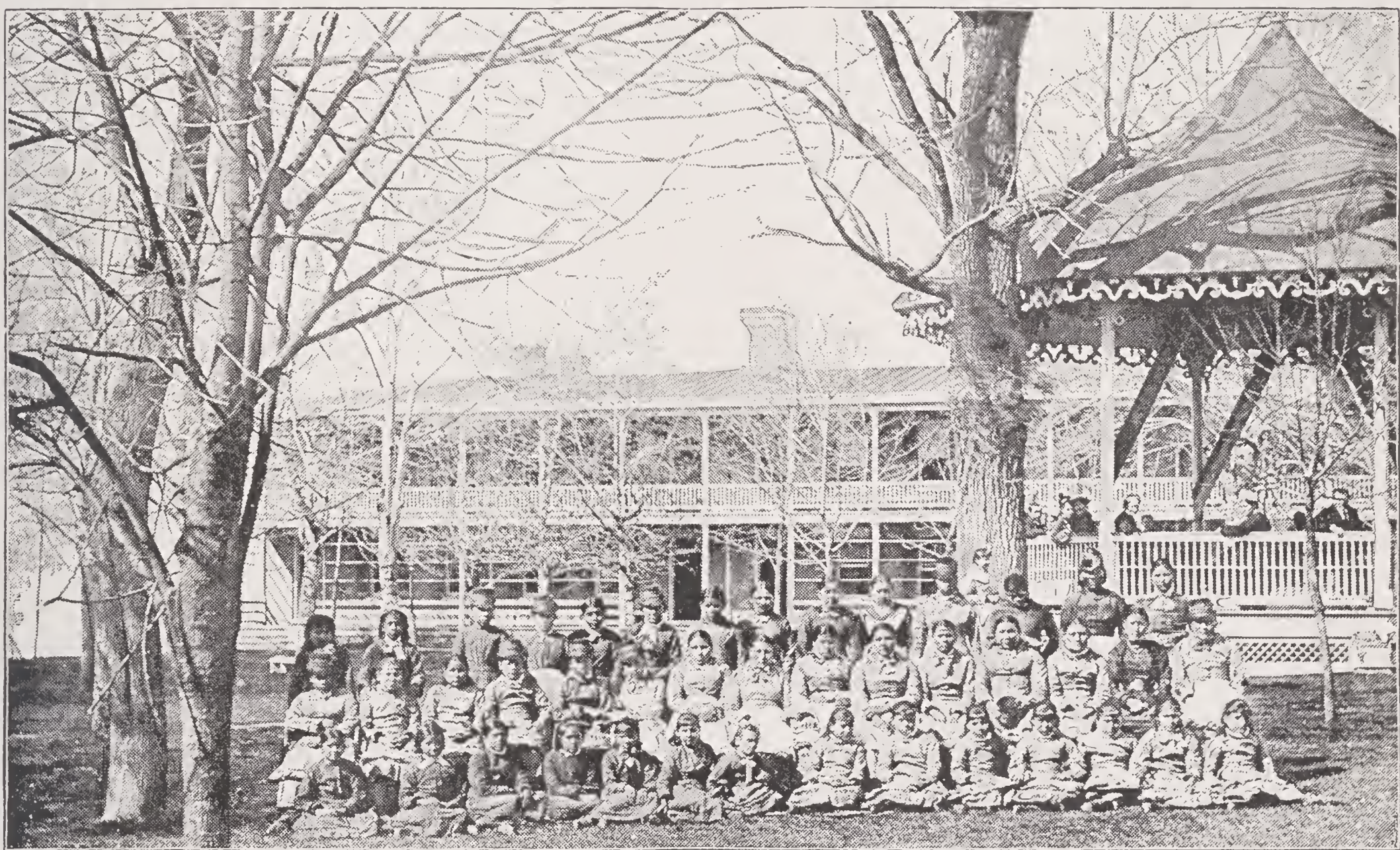


THE DINING-ROOM.

they were burnt by Fitz Hugh Lee, who then shelled the town of Carlisle. In 1864-65 they

were rebuilt by the Government, and occupied till 1872 as a training school for cavalry, when they were left unoccupied until the opening of the Indian school in 1879. For many years before the war they were occupied as a training school and depot for instructing soldiers in the art of war, whose principal duty was to fight Indians! (Poetic Justice takes grim satisfaction in this overturning of the Old Barracks.) The buildings stand to the west of the town of Carlisle, occupying the sides of a square used for parade ground, etc., one being occupied by the superintendent and his

ness the workings of the Carlisle School. The day was raw and chill, but our reception was of sunniest and most cheering description. As our party of fifty-four drew up in carriages, barges, stages, and various kinds of vehicles pressed into duty for the occasion, before the door, the whole atmosphere, eloquent with its old historic memories, seemed to ring with new life, and we forgot cold, and snow, and sleet, and stepped in, glad as birds at harbinger of spring. Truly springtime of hope and promise is budding for the poor Indian, thought we. After paying our greeting to the



INDIAN GIRLS FROM TEN TRIBES. — GIRLS' QUARTERS AND PAVILION BAND STAND.

staff, another by teachers and female pupils' dormitories, a third as dormitory for the boys. Other buildings have been either converted from old ones or newly built to meet the needs for chapel, infirmary, refectory, schoolhouse, gymnasium, trade-schools, etc. So much for the buildings. One portion of one of the large number only can be given here, with an interesting group of girls seated on the lawn.

It was on a cold, snowy day in March, 1883, that, responsive to an invitation from Secretary Teller, my husband and I joined the Congressional party of Senators and Members going with their wives, daughters and a few invited guests, to wit-

superintendent and his wife, and those of the instructors who were at leisure, everything was delightfully informal, and we were allowed free range to observe, criticise, and admire. Bright-faced, earnest-eyed young creatures met us on every hand; girls with a sweet, ladylike demeanor, boys respectful, quiet and manly. I scanned them closely, to catch the stolidity and habitual dulness of the down-trodden Indian, but except in very rare cases, found only a hopefulness, and a looking forth of soul, to meet my gaze. It seemed to say to me, "Wait! we will yet awake and repay all that is being done for us."

There was a most delightful lunch served by

the deft hands of a corps of Indian girls. Then we began the much more delightful tour of inspection.

The dining-room looked very bright and cheerful as we passed in, with its neat table appointments, and tidy, white-aproned young girls as waitresses. What a revelation to all womanly instincts is this one room with its duties appertaining, to a mind running wild on the plains, and knowing nothing of the sweet home-y-ness of daily life.

As the children come from the plains into the

the knowledge they long for can never be theirs. The presence of their loved leader is with them, sustaining and reassuring. How can they be afraid?

No child comes unwillingly to Carlisle. The only difficulty to contend with in the whole matter is the inadequate means to bring the large number, ready and waiting, into the civilization that instruction by competent teachers alone can supply. When the appropriation is what it should be, so that an education lies within the reach of every Indian child, our consciences will be somewhat



NAVAJOS IN NATIVE DRESS.

new atmosphere of school and family life, the world seems suddenly to assume limitless possibilities of terror. They huddle on the lawns in their blankets, bone necklaces, skin moccasins and other toggery of their native life, going to Mother Nature for comfort in, and explanation of, this new extremity. A house to their eyes seems to beckon into such a region of confinement, that for the first few wild moments, life on the boundless plain, chasing animals about as civilized as themselves, appears the only delightful thing on earth.

The group here represented, is a quiet, self-controlled one, evidently realizing that by each one must be sturdy acceptance of offered good, else

freer of burdens concerning them. For only by an education *in the best sense of the word*, meaning that introduction into knowledge of *practical* influence in home training, *practical* experience in all manual trades, tilling of the land, etc., and practical rooting and grounding in at least rudimentary mental acquirements, till they are like edged tools, simple it may be, but ready for action, can the Indian be converted from his low savage condition, and we be released from the care of him.

To become self-supporting is the first advance that nation or individual makes toward civilization. Hence any working at the problem of the Indian question of to-day, in any other way than the first

simple proposition, that man, as a reasonable being must work if he would live, is both sentimental and useless. Methods of work must then be laid before the subject for civilization; and avenues toward trades of all sorts, *freely opened as to any other specimen of humanity in our land, with a right to practice such wherever he please*, and the most of our part in the matter will have been accomplished. The Indian will take care of himself. We shall hear very little of the terrible atmosphere now clinging to him. To thoughtful minds who have most broadly and conscientiously grasped the situation, the "terrible classes" now swarming in communistic secret strongholds throughout our great city-centres, are infinitely more to be dreaded than the educated Indian.

Here are some of the faces of "our boys and girls," as they lovingly call them at Carlisle. Most of them have probably been but a few months surrounded by the atmosphere of happy home and school life; many probably first entering in the abject state of terror before described; now in greater terror at the prospect of being recalled to their reservations when school-life ends. They do not look very dangerous, do they? Ah! could you see and talk with them, and watch the bright expression, the earnest purpose, the pathetic gratitude, it might enlighten you a bit, and thereby cause a wholesome revolution in your pet theory on the subject.

The bakery at Carlisle affords a most interest-

benefit to his fellows. Whoever can turn out such good bread as we saw with our own eyes, and



"OUR BOYS AND GIRLS."



THE INDIAN BAKERS.

ing practical refutation of the statement that the Indian is incapable of using knowledge to any

tasted and enjoyed with our own mouths, is a real benefactor to the human race. It shamed much that we put on our family tables as the best result of Dinah's or Norah's kitchen administration. It was so pure and white and sweet — well-baked and conscientiously kneaded; truly a most important proof of the Indian's adaptability to domestic duties. Does it not make you want some to see it in the picture?

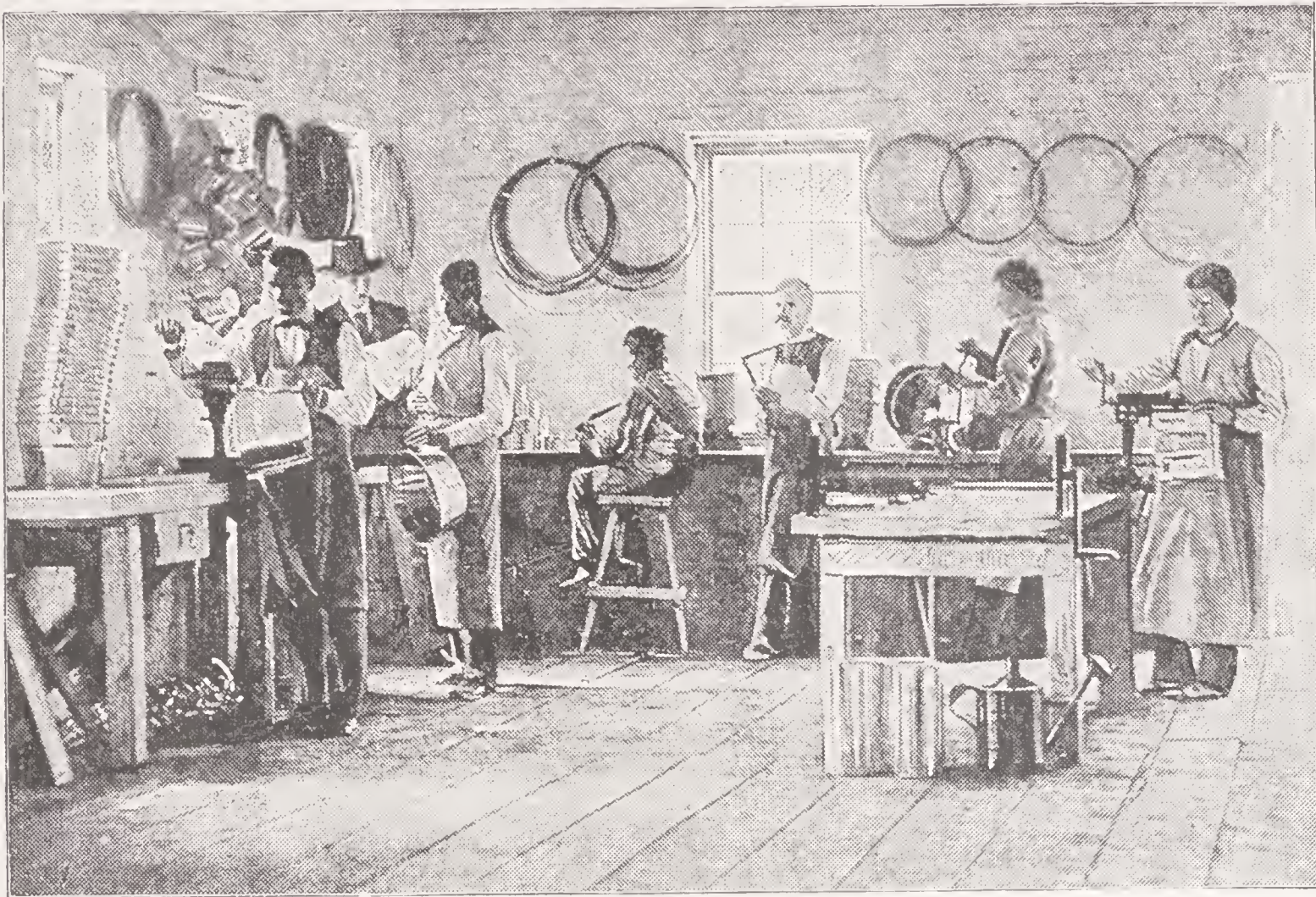
An Arapahoe boy has charge of the bakery; and assisted by a Sioux and a Pawnee, bakes nearly two barrels of flour into the loaves, as you see in accompanying cut, every forenoon of the week, with the exception of Sunday. After-

noons these boys spend in the schoolroom.

Mental discipline and manual labor are given

their proper places at Carlisle. No encroachments on the other's rights is allowed either, by the wise administration at the head of affairs there. The chil-

tact that brings out the best in the Indian character, constantly used by the man who is working out the daily problem of their elevation. Edgar



THE TIN SHOP.

dren are taught what they will use when going out from the school. In all cases, the training is done patiently, systematically, sensibly and thoroughly. It is a happy, busy place, where the individuality of each child is brought out healthfully; his or her bent of mind carefully studied, and its wants provided for. If a boy shows a taste for wagon-making, he is allowed to follow it, and not thrust into the tin shop, where, like many another boy obliged to pursue a given calling against his will, he might turn out stupid and spoil a very genius for producing wagons.

The wagon shop at Carlisle has twelve apprentices constantly employed making wagons for the Indian service; sending them into nearly every Territory, even to Washington Territory and Oregon. Captain Pratt writes me: "During my recent trip to the West, I saw quite a number of our wagons in use by the Government and the Indians, and rode nearly two hundred miles in one." [We know the good Captain enjoyed that ride more than the pleasure afforded by the most luxuriously appointed car on the whole Pacific route!]

Speaking of the thoroughness of the training given at Carlisle, one little incident which deeply interested us all, will serve as fitting illustration; also giving some faint idea of the kind, delicate

Captain Pratt stood patiently waiting at the side of the room for the lad to recover himself; and as Edgar became at last still and hopeless, like a stranded thing on the tide of endeavor, there broke out such a kind, cheery voice, that it touched every heart.

"Edgar works in the blacksmith's shop," the voice said; "now if he will go to the shop, and put on his working suit, the Secretary, Senators and party will meet him there to see him weld an axle in one heat."

The boy's face fairly glowed. Chagrin and hopeless depression forsook him, and he lifted up his head with restored manliness, and strode out, again his sturdy little self. I never saw such a kindly thing more delicately



TOM NAVAJO.

done, and I know I express the feelings of the company, when I say, that to us all it was a spon-



MANUELITO CHOW.

taneous proof of the spirit of Carlisle School. It is only proper to add that the party did respond to the invitation, Senator Logan saying afterward that he was sure the boy could do that, for he had seen him.

The tin shop gives work to fourteen apprentices. It is a most interesting department. The articles are strong and well-made, and of varied description. My tiny coffee-pot will often, as I make the "fireside cup o' coffee

for two," take us back to the day at Carlisle, and brighten the evening talk in the firelight.

Last year, from the tin shop, were sent out over fifteen thousand articles, also seven tons of stove-pipe; all despatched to the agencies for the use of the Indians. No finer buckets, coffee-boilers and pans, I presume, are made than those turned out by some of the Indian boys.

The carpenter shop has twelve apprentices, and has charge of the general repairs and construction of new buildings at the school. Under supervision of the carpenter, the large hospital building was built by Indian boys.

The hospital and care of the sick is under the charge of Doctor O. G. Given, of Washington, Iowa, an intelligent, Christian man, with genial, large-hearted benevolence expressed in every feature. When pupils are taken sick, they are at once separated from their fellows and placed in the hospital.

The shoe shop is constantly kept busy in manufacturing and repairing boots and shoes for the four hundred and thirty-three pupils of the school.

The harness shop turns out a very large proportion of the harness required by the Indian department for the use of agencies and Indians.

The sewing department was a most interesting

feature, particularly to us matrons, who walked around among the girls, inspecting the neatly mended clothing, and the piles of new garments. All of the girls' clothing, and the boys' underwear, are manufactured mostly by the Indian girls, under the instruction of Mrs. Worthington.

The laundry, with its methodical appliances and nice arrangement, also detained us some time, to examine closely the various sorts of work executed by the strong, tidy Indian girls, who take hold of this kind of work with an alacrity that shows they are waking up to the truth of the statement, "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Each mechanical branch is under the super-



WHITE BUFFALO (CHEYENNE).

intendence of a practical workman; the instruction, therefore, is not at all vague, and merely theoretical, but thoroughly practical in every detail.

Carlisle School has also a fine farm of one hundred and fifty-seven acres, worked by the pupils

under the training of Mr. Amos Miller, an experienced farmer. The crops raised here compare



OSAGE BOYS.

favorably with those of the best neighboring farms.

About one half of the pupils are placed out during the summer vacation in the families of farmers, where they learn, by practical experience, the details of agriculture and civilized life. This feature of the school life has been productive of the best results.

I wish that space would allow me to quote from the letters in the *Morning Star*, the paper published by the Indian boys at Carlisle. These letters are written by pupils living in different families through the long summer vacation, that they may learn to put their knowledge in domestic and farm matters to the proof, while they are in positions to acquire, through association with practical teachers, many valuable additions to their store of knowledge. They are graphic, ambitious, and of excellent spirit, often funny, from the marked individuality of the writer, and the violent strug-

gle to get the best of the English language. But not even one of the letters may be crowded in, for magazine limits must be banded with the stern fiat of necessity, and this article already is swelling toward its uttermost bound.

The exercise, drilling and mental discipline of the various school departments afforded us intense pleasure. Particularly as we noticed a marked absence of that disagreeable feature of most school exhibitions—the “show system.” It was not with any desire to parade knowledge that pupils exhibited on the platform and before the black-board what they knew. It was the conscientious wish to show their methods of study; to display to the guests the workings of the different minds to be disciplined. Often impromptu questions and



IRON, NORTHERN ARAPAHOE.

diversions to the train of reasoning would be presented to the pupil, to disclose the trend of his or

her mind, and to ascertain if the knowledge were real or only superficial. The first thing with these teachers seemed to be to make the pupil grasp the idea, and work at it until it was understood. In all cases this appeared to be thoroughly striven for before the second step should be taken. I attribute to this sensible, conscientious care, the well-grounding in the rudiments of knowledge that the Carlisle children are receiving. And the Institution is to be congratulated in the possession of such a competent, painstaking and devoted instructor as Miss Carrie M. Semple. She was educated at the Western Female College, Cincinnati; for years connected with the work of instructing the Freedmen of the South at Fiske University, also superintendent of the public schools at St. Augustine, Florida.

I wish I could give space to mention individually the different teachers of this department of the school life—the intellectual training. I enjoyed conversation with many of them, and caught never-to-be-forgotten glimpses of their devotion and adaptation to the cause. But the length of list forbids.

There are at present at Carlisle School four hundred and thirty-three pupils, one hundred and sixty of whom are girls, representing thirty-six tribes.

We will glance at some of these pupils in their native dress. Here is White Buffalo, a youth of eighteen years of age, with naturally gray hair, Tom Navajo, Iron, Northern Arapahoe, and Manuelito Chow, son of the former great chief of the Navajos, Manuelito.

The group of boys given represents six Osage Indians. All of them have good, clear faces, while the little fellow down in lower left corner might be “our boy” in some cultivated home-circle, as far as bright, lovable appearance goes.

Susie is the sole representative of her tribe, the Delawares or Leni, who were parties to the celebrated treaty with William Penn. They have been bought out, fought out, and driven out, from one point to another as the Anglo-Saxon forced his way across the country, until at present there remains a mere handful in the southern part of the Indian Territory. Susie is an exceptionally bright child, with a sweet voice, and is a member of the school choir. The doll (which certainly seems possessed with ambition to be a model of

deportment) was a gift through that good friend to the school, Miss Susan Longstreth, of Philadelphia.

Some two weeks after my return to Boston, I was very much touched by the reception of a package of sketches which some of the Carlisle pupils had executed for me. Out of a generous number, I am compelled to select but three. So I give Otto Zotom's idea of a battle with United States troops. Otto, of course, had his patriotic duty to his own tribe to perform, yet he is very generous



SUSIE AND HER DOLL.

to his white brethren. The hills seem to trouble him somewhat, his rules on perspective not being so thoroughly acquired during his few months' sojourn at the school as to be wholly at his command. Yet he gets over it very well, and shows an original dash and force, born of his extremity.

It is a singular fact that the Indian children under education and the influence of family life are very averse to fighting. In their reachings after civilization, there is a recoil from the revenge, brutality and love of conquest attendant upon war. In their letters, in their talk, in their spirit, more

than all, is exhibited a desire to live and learn in peace with all. Their thirst is for knowledge.



IN PURSUIT OF U. S. TROOPS.

This Otto Zotom, a young Kiowa, is a very bright, promising boy. He was sent to Carlisle by his brother, now a deacon in the Episcopal Church, and a missionary in the Indian country, but formerly a prisoner under the care of Captain Pratt, at Fort Marion (San Marco), Florida.

A study of horses, by Otto, is interesting as showing the development of ideas as regards pose and proportions of equine anatomy, as they arise naturally to the self-tutored mind of an Indian boy, while his portrayal of an engagement with a buffalo enlists our sympathies for the poor "King of the Plains." Otto in his extreme generosity wishes every one engaged in the encounter to enjoy a shot that tells; so that the glory of the whole thing is most satisfying. The young artist has a true love for his pencil, and such a painstaking industry that the world may yet hear from the Indian boy at Carlisle. All success to him — young Otto Zotom!

In closing this meagre account of Carlisle School and its workings, so different from what I long to give, I can only express the earnest wish that every reader of the WIDE AWAKE could visit and

see the institution for themselves. If ever your wanderings call you in the vicinity of the quiet town, grasp the opportunity, I beg of you. You will never regret it. You may be sure of a cordial welcome, a capital chance to inspect and criticise, and you will come away enlightened on many points. Such visits are worth hundreds of magazine articles and countless letters from enthusiastic friends. "Seeing is believing," now as it has ever been.

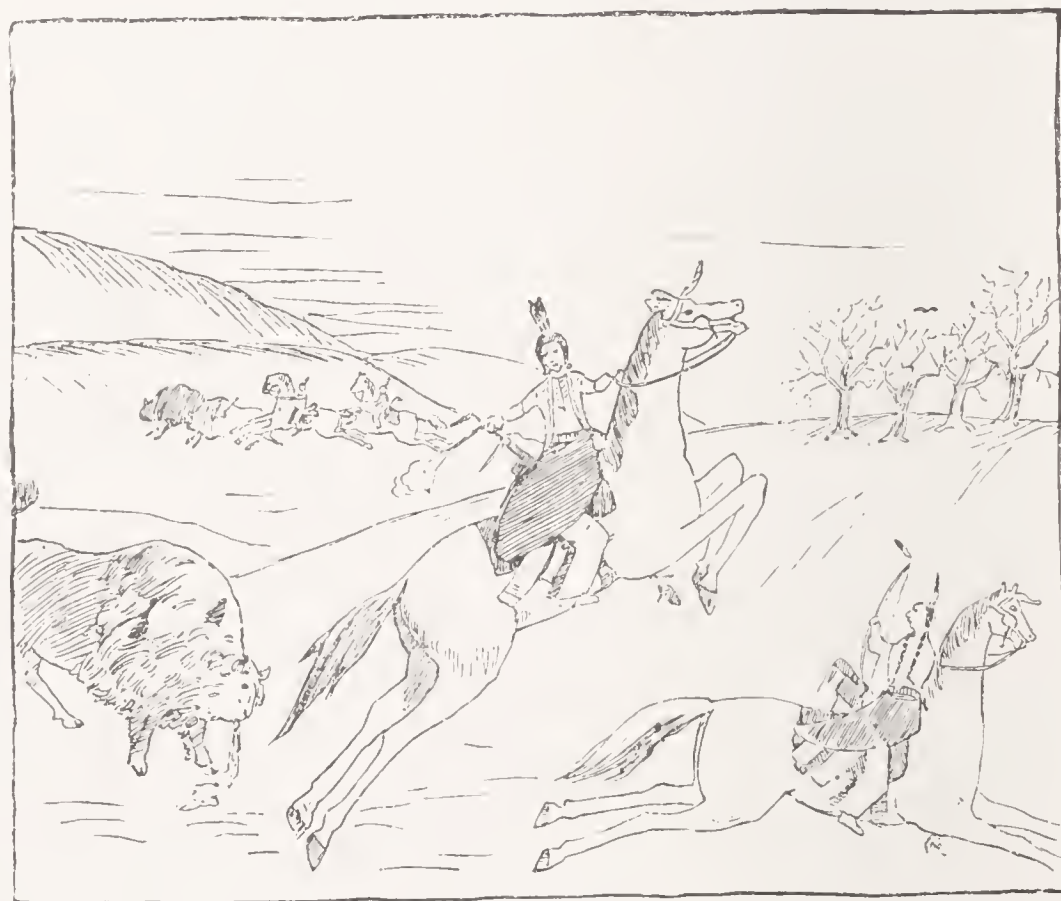
I am glad to announce that the Fair under the auspices of Mrs. J. Huntington Wolcott and her corps of young ladies in Boston has netted for Carlisle the grand sum of two thousand dollars. On the strength of it, Captain Pratt writes me that he expects to undertake the care of five boys and five girls from the Pueblo village of Isleta, N. M.

Think of it! Ten children rescued by these noble, womanly efforts, from savage degradation to grow up into good citizenship.

How many other fairs can be held? If we cannot raise two thousand dollars to educate ten, we may gather in two hundred dollars; and who can estimate the influence of one Indian child at



HORSES IN MOTION.



AN INDIAN BOY'S DRAWINGS. — A BUFFALO HUNT.

Carlisle? The hearts of his tribe go with him, and are awakened to gratitude, and the cementing of

friendly ties with our Government. Wars will be avoided; peace and good-will toward those who recognize in their children faculties capable of cultivation toward the best and truest things, will be the inevitable result.

The years speed us on, taking many opportunities for good in their relentless grasp. Shall we resign this idly?—the effort to aid in the bringing up of the Indian children and youth toward the light a loving Creator designed for all?



THE DAVIDSON GLACIER.

IN ALASKA.

(The Glaciers, the Totem-Poles, and the Greek Church at Sitka.)

Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore

IN point of scenery the Alaska coast region is similar to that of Norway, and those who have visited both countries consider the northwest coast of America the wilder and more picturesque. The islands scattered along the shores of Southern Alaska are counted by hundreds. Many of them are as large as any one of the Eastern States. All of them are mountainous and densely wooded. The ranges and peaks are higher than



DIAGRAM OF THE MUIR GLACIER.

on the coast of Norway, and the loftiest mountain in North America stands guard at the dividing

line, where Southern Alaska, with its deeply indented coast and its great archipelago, stretches away from the rest of "the great land." Although discovered by Captain Cook a century ago, this Mt. St. Elias has never been climbed; the most that is known is that its whole sea-front is seamed with glaciers, and that from the sea's level to the summit line of nineteen thousand five hundred feet, ice is piled upon ice, snows heaped upon snows.

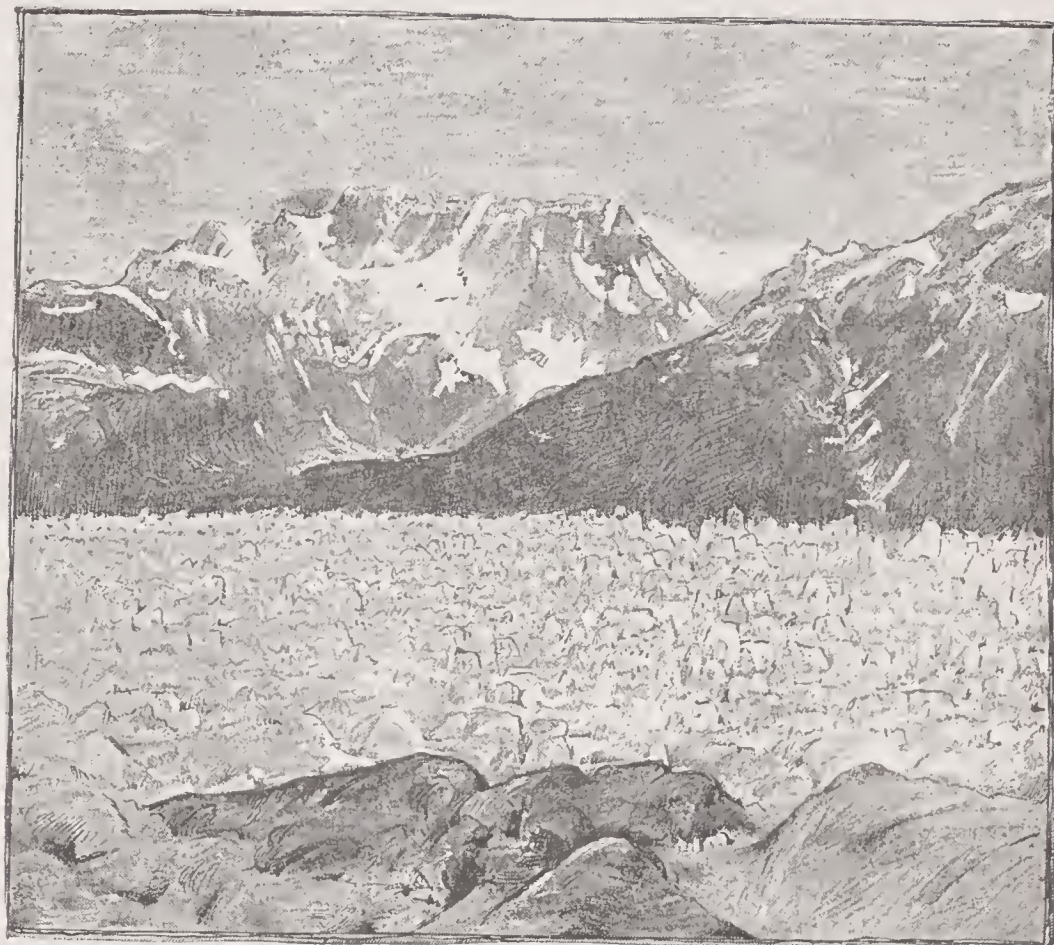
Without going so far up as Mt. St. Elias, glaciers are to be counted by the dozens from the deck of a steamer as it winds through the labyrinth of channels which form the continuous inside passage that extends up the coast from Puget Sound for more than a thousand miles. Far up on the mountain-sides, one sees the pale green and blue tints of glacier-ice showing along the edges of what seem to be broken and dirty snow-fields. Over the tops of the evergreen forests the ice-fields gleam and sparkle in the sunlight; and

thrusting their tongues out into the waters of the narrow fiords, they drop off huge blocks that go floating off with the tides as icebergs.

The great Davidson Glacier on Lynn Canal, in latitude fifty-nine degrees North, is one of the most symmetrical and beautiful ice-streams on the coast. It is named for Prof. George C. Davidson, the astronomer who twice visited it, and once observed a total eclipse of the sun from his observatory some miles north of it. The second time Prof. Davidson went to this part of the Chilkat country, he was entertained with honors by Kloh-Kutz, head chief of the Chilkat tribe, who still believes that the eclipse was but one of the magic tricks of the greatest "medicine man" he has ever met. So sure was Kloh-Kutz that the astronomer was a wizard, that he offered him all his canoes, furs, blankets and wives, if he'd tell him how to do it.

According to Kloh-Kutz, who claims to have traversed its whole length on snowshoes, the Davidson Glacier has its source in an immense snowfield which lies in a basin in the White Mountain range, thirty miles back from Lynn Canal. In that basin the snows of unnumbered winters have accumulated, until the weight of the

and pressure increased, the ice was slowly forced out of the basin into the sloping and winding



TOP OF THE MUIR GLACIER.

ravines of the mountains. The ice, flowing on like a river, creeping a few feet further each year, bent and turned in its course and sweeping its icy flood around solitary peaks and needles of rock, left them like islands in midstream. Pushing and



RIVER ON NORTH SIDE OF THE MUIR GLACIER.

mass has gradually pressed the snow crystals together into a coarse, granular ice. As the weight

crowding its way through narrow gorges and defiles, the ice broke and ground off the rocky walls

between which it flowed, and swept away with its current great boulders and rocks, dirt and debris.

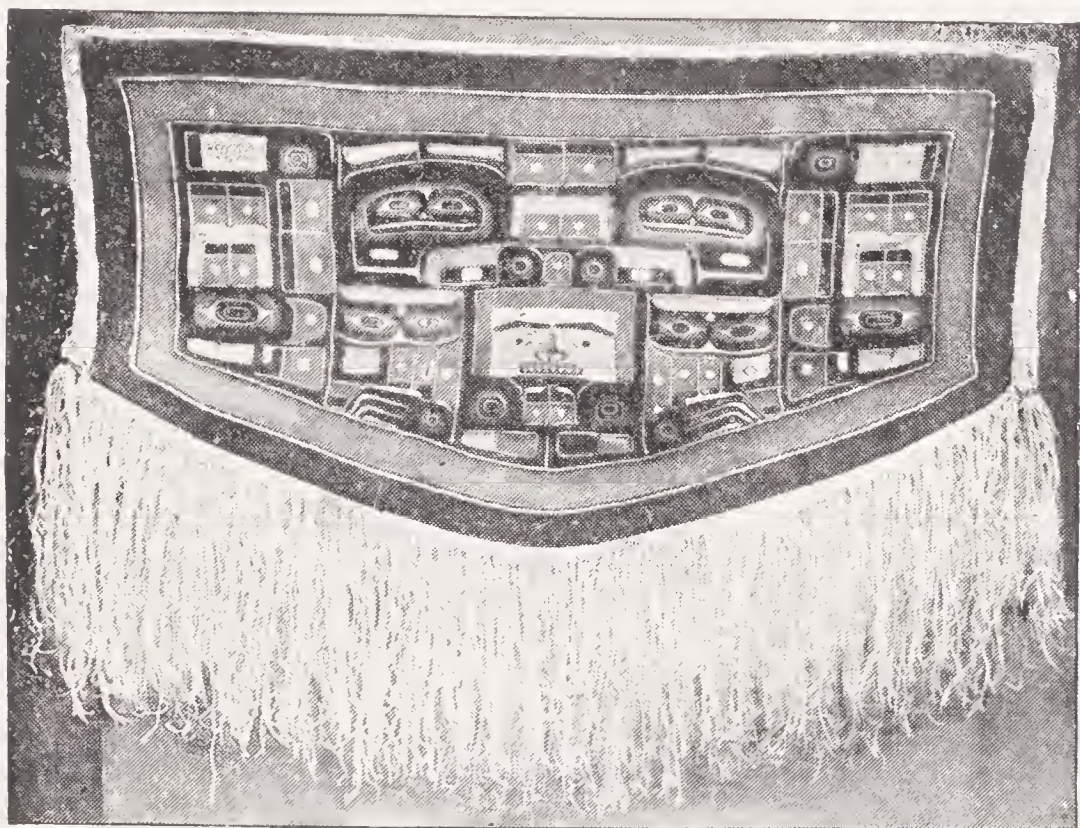
make the glacier dull and dark beside the pure snow-fields of the mountains. In all the crevices



GLACIER BAY, MUIR GLACIER.

The pressure forced up the ice, broke it into a thousand huge blocks, and the summer sun and rains, melting and rounding off the points, left the tossed and broken ice, looking like the angry billows of the ocean suddenly congealed as they were about to break in foam. The boulders and rocks

and sides of the broken ice, shades of the palest greens and most lovely blues show in the heart of the crystalline masses. The ice is hundreds of feet deep, or thick, where it flows through the rocky channels that it is continually cutting wider and wearing deeper. The water from the melting ice runs down through crevices and caverns, and can be heard roaring and rumbling in rivers far beneath the surface. When these streams finally emerge from under the ice, they are boiling torrents of thick muddy water, carrying stones and debris on with them, and discoloring the sea water into which they finally discharge. Miles away from the Davidson Glacier the clear, emerald green waters of Lynn Canal are tinged to a muddy tea-green color, by these turbid streams.



A CHILKAT BLANKET.

strewn over the surface look like driftwood on the icy ocean, and the dirt and ground-up particles

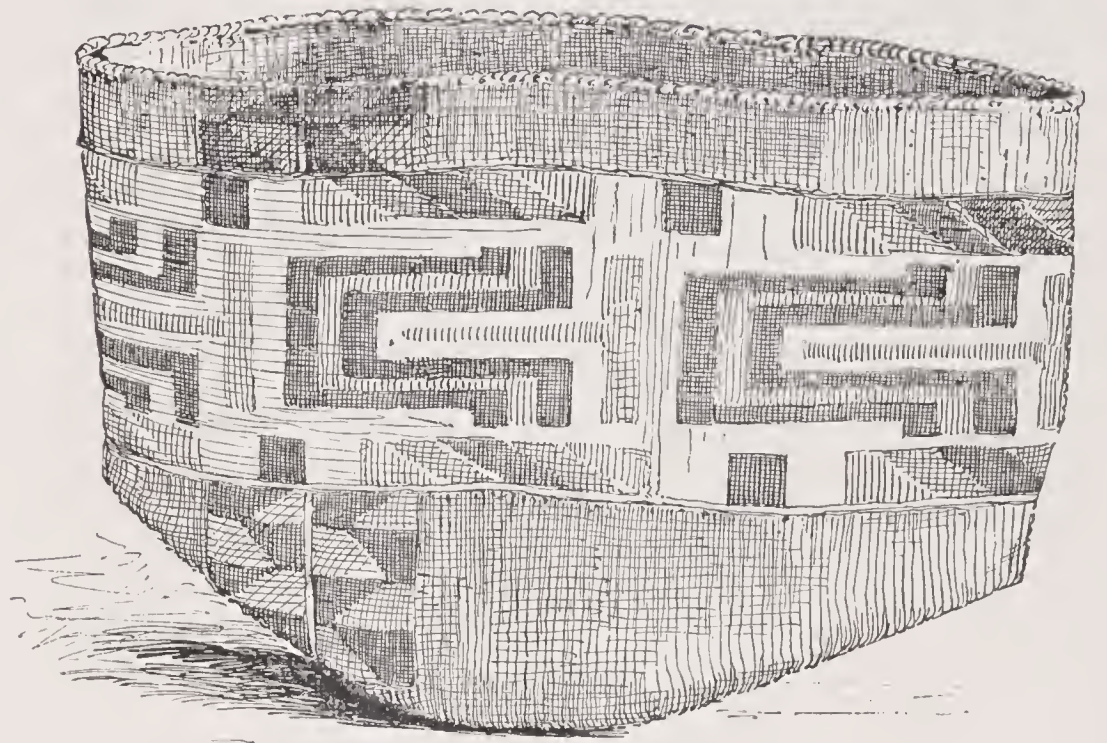
When the Davidson Glacier takes a last turn in its course and pushes out through a grand gateway in the mountains, it spreads out in fan-shape and sweeps down in a long graceful slope to its terminal moraine. The moraine has been built up from the water by the deposit of rocks, pebbles and sand, ground up and carried down from the mountains by the glacier, until a long strip of dry

land formed in front of the melting ice. The moraine before the Davidson Glacier was made so long ago that a dense forest of ancient and lofty pines has stretched itself like a hedge across the three miles of the glacier's front.

Forty miles across the mountains by the ice, or around four or five times that distance by water to the other side of the mountainous peninsula, is the famous Glacier Bay, the great natural show-place of Alaska. Seven immense glaciers flow into the waters of the bay, coming down twenty, forty and even sixty miles from great snow-fields in the White Mountain and Fairweather Alps range. One of the largest of these ice-rivers is named the Muir Glacier in honor of Prof. John Muir of California, who was the first white man to tell the world of its existence no further back than 1879. He went cautiously up an inlet of the bay in an Indian canoe; but large ocean steamers ride up within a quarter of a mile of the ice front now each summer, and are received with thunders and cannonades from the ice-spirits at every visit.

Sailing up that long inlet filled with bergs and

ranges, with tributary streams of ice joining it from every gap and defile and from around every jutting point.



A THLINKET BASKET.

The frozen flood, with its tossed and broken waves, stretches ten miles across from mountain wall to mountain wall; and the long tongue of ice running down to the inlet presents a water-washed, ragged, crystalline cliff three miles long, and from



AN ALASKA "LADY"; AND BASKET WEAVERS.

floating ice, one sees a broad gray river of ice pouring down a great valley between two mountain

two to four hundred feet in height. Slowly creeping down the valley, and thrusting itself into the

water, the ice is honeycombed by the washing of the tides, and huge pieces of the front, and avalanches



THLINKET BASKET-WORK.

of ice, are sliding down into the water with a continuous crash and roar at low tide. The spray and waves dash far up the glittering front after one of these great ice-slides, and there is a magnificent play of prismatic colors on the fretted and fantastic ice-wall, when the sunlight falls full on its western front.

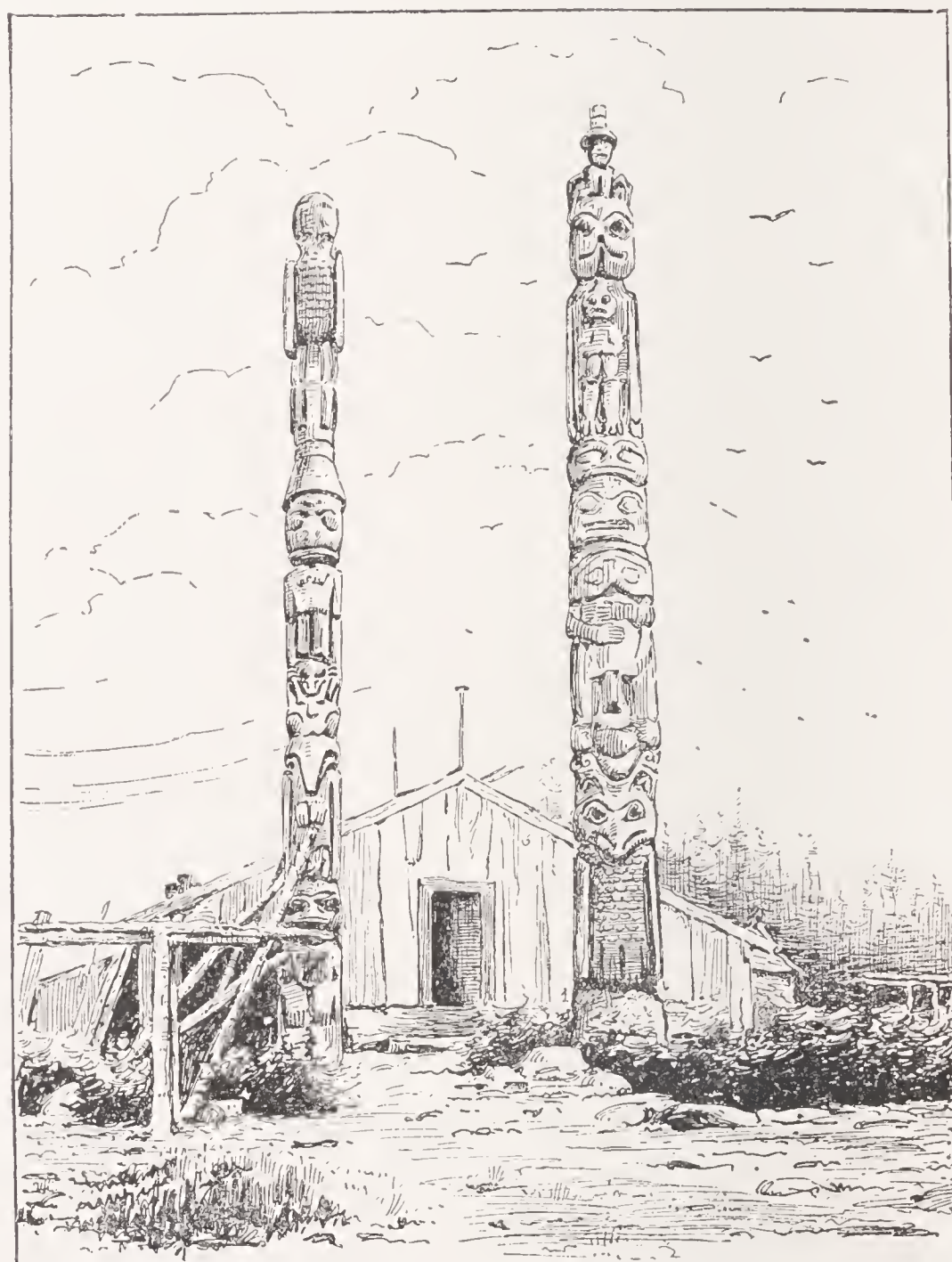
The largest glaciers of Switzerland could be put away in a corner of the Muir Glacier and lost; and except on the coast of Greenland, it is claimed that there is nothing that surpasses this and other water-fronting glaciers of Southern Alaska. A great river boils up from under the middle of the glacier where a long cape, or point, of ice runs out into the water; and on either side of the glacier streams emerge from the sides of the ice, and course over the long side, or lateral moraines to the inlet. The river on the north side is the larger, and by a long climb over stones and boulders, and along crumbling banks, the dark grotto in the glacier is reached, from which the muddy river rushes to the sunlight after its long course in the heart of the glacier.

Climbing the icy hillside, the vast sea of billowy, broken ice lies before one, ice piled, tossed and ground into wild and fantastic array, narrow crevices and vast gulfs opening at one's feet and giving glimpses far down into a wonderland filled with pale blue and indigo shadows. With the nightless days of summer, the surface ice melts rapidly, and in the sunshine every inch is sparkling and glistening with the trickling drops.

At Fort Wrangell, Howkan, old Kaigan, Karta, Tongass and at smaller Indian villages in South-

ern Alaska, there are many totem-poles set up before the houses. They are queer looking objects, made of the trunks of large cedar-trees and are three and four times as high as the dwellings they guard. From bottom to top, they are carved with comical faces of men and birds, frogs, whales and other animals; but like the boy's pictures on his slate, one has to be told at first which is the frog and which the whale. Bright green, red and yellow paint were put on them when they were new; but as many of these totem-poles are more than a half-century old, they are now faded and weather-stained and covered with moss and wood lichens. Grasses and tiny ferns often take root and flourish in the cracks in the wood, and from some of the older totem-poles at Howkan small trees have sprouted.

The Thlinkets, as the Indians of Southern Alaska are called, took great pride in these columns, as only the men of high rank and wealth ever erected them, and they commemorated the great deeds of their ancestors, and incidents of family history.



TOTEM-POLES AT FT. WRANGELL.

The totem-poles were not idols, nor were they in any way connected with their religion. They

were "picture writings" that the Indian reads as easily as the ancient Egyptians read their hieroglyphs and the Aztecs their illuminated scrolls. The spoken language of these Indians is limited to a very short vocabulary, and as they have no written language, their history and their traditions and fables are best expressed and preserved in these carved columns. Any Thlinket can tell the stories

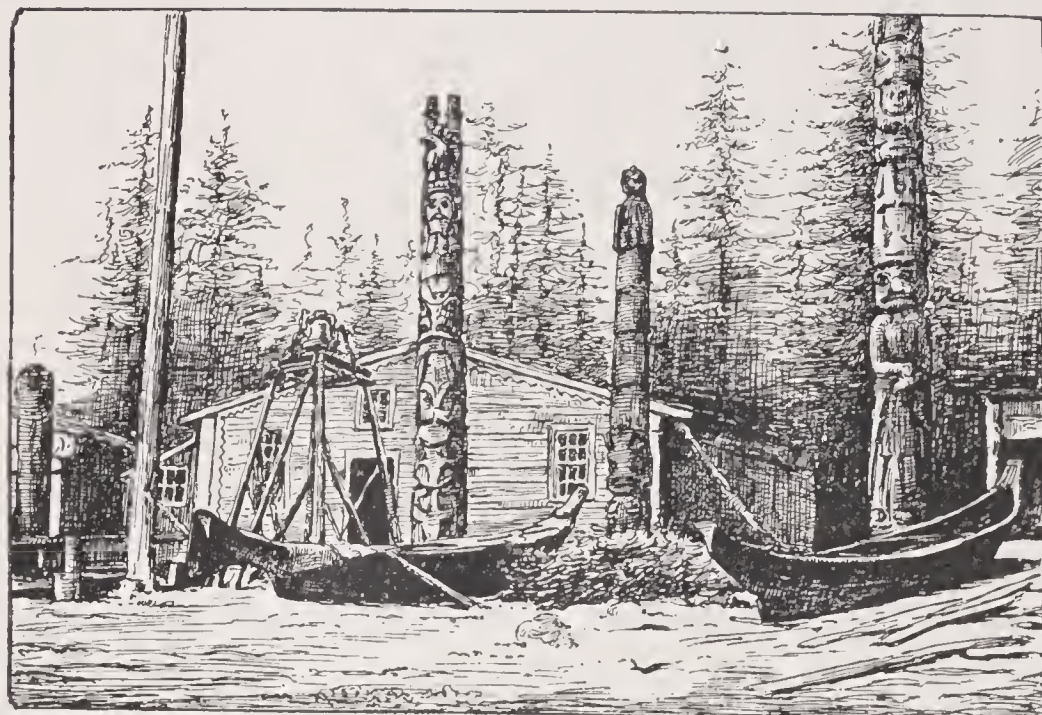


CHIEF'S HOUSE AT KAIGAN, SHOWING TOTEMS.

and legends pictured on the totem-poles of his village, but he is usually unwilling to tell them to the white man, and would rather puzzle and mislead him than read the totems right. No new poles are set up in these days, and as the younger Indians become more accustomed to the ways of the white man they begin to despise these monuments of their forefathers and so cut down and destroy them.

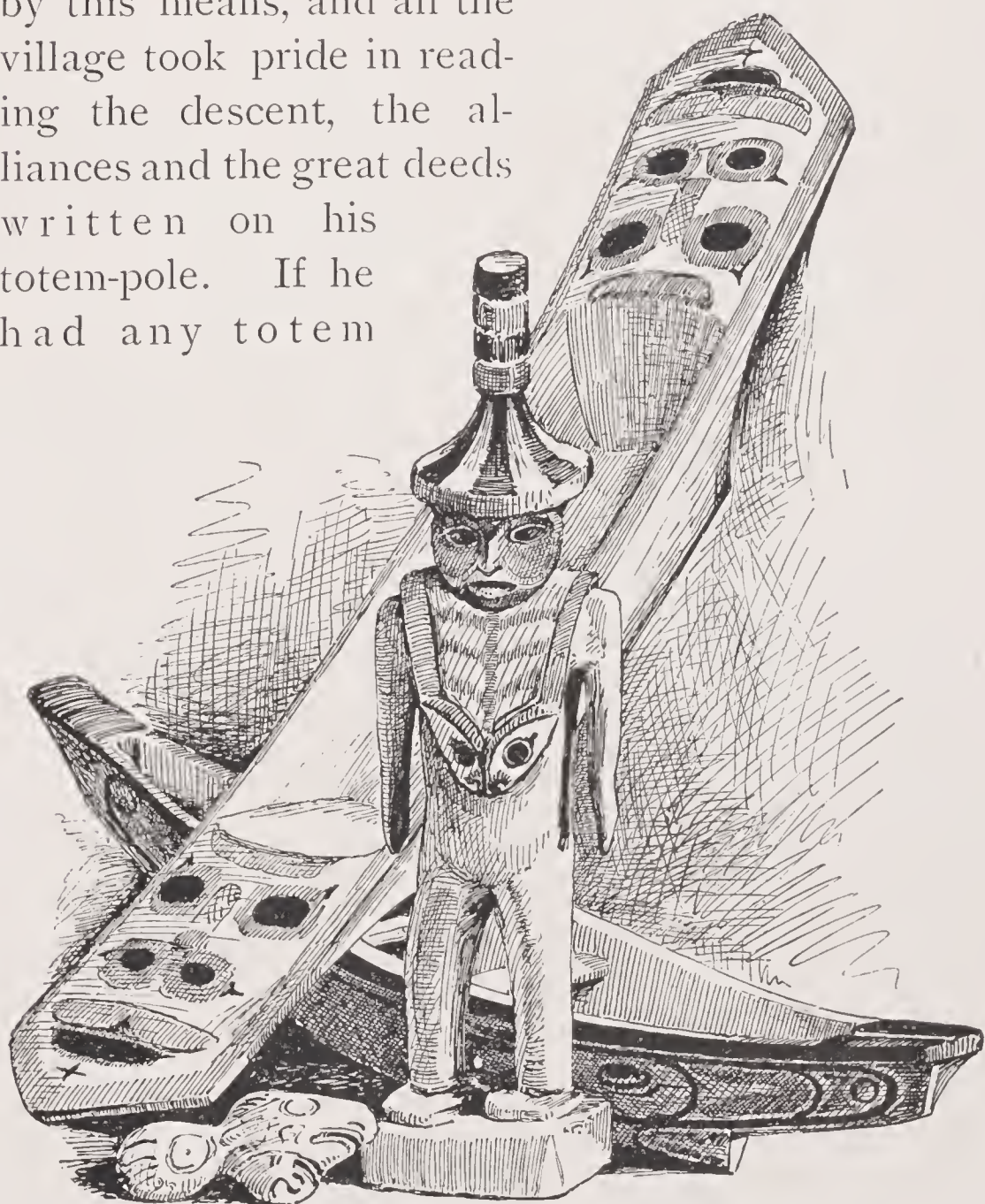
The Thlinket tribes boast four great families recognized by their badges, or totems, of the raven, the wolf, the whale and the eagle. These families are again subdivided into those recognized by the totems of the cinnamon bear, the frog and the beaver, and these people have their totems carved or painted on all their belongings. These animals were at first symbolic of some trait, or quality, in the possessor of the totem; and if Richard Cœur de Lion had been a Thlinket he would have had a lion's head for his totem. Just as the Prince of Wales has his three feathers, the Bourbon kings of France had their white lilies, and Napoleon had his golden bees marked on everything from palace walls to silver spoons, so the Alaska Indian has his raven, or whale, or eagle, carved and painted on his totem-pole, his canoes, chests, dishes, spoons and halibut clubs.

When a rich Indian built a new house, he had a totem-pole carved to set before it, and for this



TOTEM-POLES AT KAIGAN.

pole of solid cedar forty and sixty feet high he often paid as much as four hundred dollars to the carver. He gave a great feast at the time and distributed to his guests presents of blankets, calico, money and food, and the Indians danced and sang all night. Very often the owner of the new house and pole beggared himself by his great *pottatch* or feast; but his rank and his riches were established by this means, and all the village took pride in reading the descent, the alliances and the great deeds written on his totem-pole. If he had any totem



CHILDREN'S TOYS; CANOES, WOODEN DOLL AND CARVED STONE.

carved that did not belong to him, or his ancestors, the other Indians would very soon make

him take it down or destroy it. If a great chief, or a very rich man, he erected two totem-poles, one to show his descent on the mother's side, which ranks first among the Thlinkets, and one to give the genealogy of his father's family.

One of the totem-poles at Fort Wrangell has an eagle at the top, to show that that was the great totem of the mother of the builder. The beaver, the frog, the eagle and the other frogs below it, show to which families her mother, grandmother and remote ancestors belonged. The man's totem-pole has his own image in a high crowned hat at the top, and his ancestors are ranged below him in their order, generations of ravens and frogs telling his descent plainly. The comical way in which the frogs leap out of the men's mouths and the men

is one of the most interesting villages on the coast, and a favorite one with the visitors who wish to see the finest monuments of Indian art. The Indians, appreciating the interest lately taken in these heraldic columns, carve miniature totem-poles out of cedar and slate to sell to the summer tourists. On these fancy totems they put mountain goats, mice, devil fish, butterflies and many odd things that do not appear often on the genuine poles.

Different from the interest in the natural wonders of the glaciers, and the monuments of Indian art in other parts of Alaska, is that taken in the relics of Russian rule and life that remain at Sitka. The strange old town on Baranoff Island was only



SITKA; SHOWING THE CASTLE ABOVE THE TOWN.

crouch under the paws of the wolf or the bear, make the poles an amusing study to white men; but the older Indians regard them reverently and seriously.

A totem-pole at Howkan has the whiskered face of a white man near the top of the column with two children above him. This tells the Indians how two little Indians were carried off by a white man, or "Boston man," many years ago, and when the Howkan mothers want to frighten their children into good behavior they point to the kidnapper's face on the totem-pole and tell them the story of it. Nearly every house at Howkan has a carved column beside it, and an abandoned and ruined part of the village is set thickly with fine old totem-poles carved from top to bottom in the most elaborate manner. For this reason, Howkan

founded in the first years of this century; but it grew to be an important place by the time the United States bought the country of the Russians in 1867. The castle of the old governors is fast going to destruction, and the Orthodox Greek Church of St. Michael is the best preserved of the buildings erected under Muscovite sway. It was once a cathedral and a magnificent place of worship, crowded with people at every service. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, with a bulging dome and spires, and a bell-tower that holds six sweet-toned bells sent from the famous foundries of Moscow. When it was dedicated, forty years ago, fine pictures and ornaments were sent for its altars, and magnificent vestments came from Russia for the bishop and priests. The plate for the

church service and the altar ornaments were richly wrought and jewelled, and members of the impe-



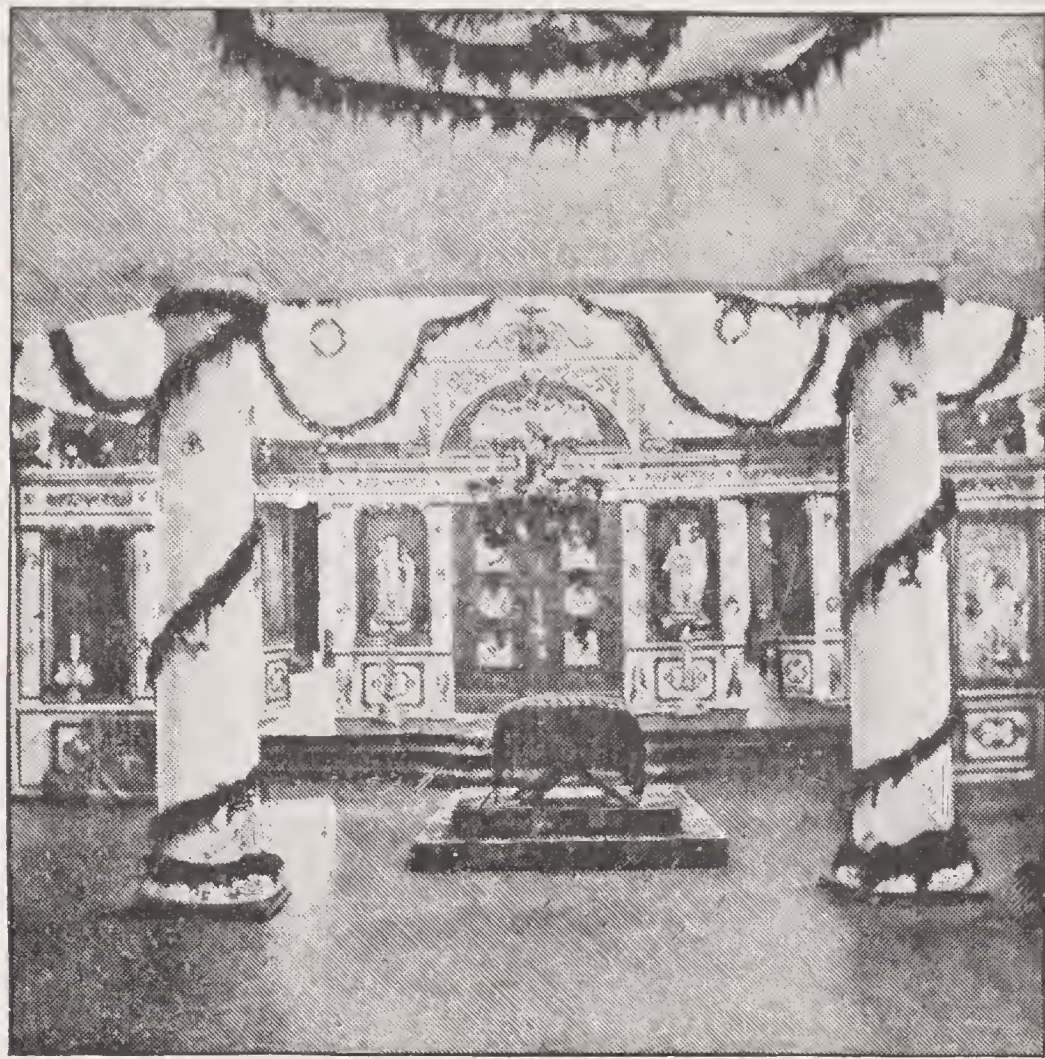
THE GREEK CHURCH AT SITKA.

rial family and Veniaminoff, Metropolit of Moscow, who had been a priest and bishop in Alaska, sent presents to the distant church. After Alaska was bought by the United States, the congregation dwindled away, the bishop left, and the church is now but a shadow of its brighter days. The paint has scaled and faded from the picture of St. Michael over the tower door, the clock face is dull and tarnished, and the interior of the church has lost much of its splendor, although still a beautiful place of worship. The altars are panelled with pictures of the saints and apostles, the hands and faces painted on ivory, and the drapery and garments represented in overlaid sheets of silver finely hammered and chased. Jewelled halos rest on the saintly brows and tall silver candlesticks, silver urns, censers and vases, further decorate the shrines. A pair of fine openwork bronze gates, set with silver medallions, guard the inner sanctuary, where no woman ever steps; and over its doorway is a painting of the Last Supper, with all the figures robed in silver. The bishop took away the large gold cross covered with diamonds, and the silver-bound Bible studded with jewels, that he

used in the services; but many treasures are still left to the church. There are robes of brocade, cloth of gold and cloth of silver, beautifully embroidered vestments and altar cloths and jewelled crowns, crosses, chalices, reliquaries and caskets, and a large jewelled hat or mitre, worn by the old bishops of the church.

The Easter decorations, as seen in the picture, are left in the church for several months. At the Sunday and Saints' days services the priest, Father Mitropolski, wears his rich robes and a male choir, concealed behind the pillars and screen at the right, chant and intone responses. The people stand, or kneel, during the whole service, bowing their foreheads to the floor and crossing themselves continually. At the close, the worshippers go forward one by one and kiss the jeweled cross that the priests extend to them.

Each year there is a decrease in the small congregation of Russians and Creoles; the revenues have fallen away and the establishment is wholly maintained at the expense of the Russian government. Before many years the priests will be withdrawn, and the abandoned church will have but



INSIDE THE GREEK CHURCH.

memories and traditions of its old splendors when it was the Sitka Cathedral.



IN THE PASTURE REGION.—A LITTLE GOAT-HERD.

THE ALPS AND THEIR AVALANCHES.

BY C. E. ANDREWS.

EVERY young geographer has read of the Alps, that vast mountain-system of Southern Europe whose main mass extends across the whole southern portion of Switzerland. The Alps, so named from the fact that their tops are covered with eternal snows—the word “alp” meaning white—comprise various clusters, or knots, of mountains from which diverge numerous mountain-ranges running many miles, east or west, north or south from the central knots.

Each of these long ranges has its special name; as the Bernese Alps, the Pennine Alps, the Maritime Alps, the Carnic Alps. Each of the principal peaks is likewise distinguished by a name; among the famous ones are Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and Mont Cervin; these are the three highest peaks in Europe, Mont Blanc, the loftiest of all, being more than fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Rising from an immense

lake of ice, are the no less celebrated Jungfrau, Schreckhorn, and Wetterhorn (pronounced as if it began with a V). There are, besides, a host of other peaks well known to both student and tourist.

An Alpine mountain has four natural divisions: the lower region, the wooded region, the alp, or pasture region, and the rocky region. Let us climb one.

We leave the valley, and by a steep, bushy ascent soon reach the *lower region*. Here, we do not see many trees; but beautiful vineyards and quaint little cottages, called by the Swiss *châlets*, are scattered along the gently-undulating declivity which, in some places, is crossed by roads connecting two valleys.

Trudging up, up, up, we find the slope begins to grow steep, and that we are not very directly approaching the *wooded region*, for these extensive Alpine forests do not wholly engirdle a mountain.

So we must make a *detour*, as the French say, must take a circuitous route — which will lead us to the back of the mountain, where we shall enter a big forest which climbs half-way up the slope. There is a great variety of trees ; fine oaks, tall firs and pines, birch-trees, beech-trees, and any quantity of sweet chestnuts.

Traversing the length of the wooded region, which is about one third of the width of the mountain, we emerge into the open air, where a magnificent prospect awaits us. We are now pretty far up, and we can see somewhat of the beauty and grandeur of the Alps. We look upon huge towering rocks half-covered with lichens and mosses ; we see vast torrents pouring with great noise down from the glaciers ; here are lovely cascades and waterfalls ; here are frightful ravines, strewn with the fragments of fallen rocks ; and everywhere and all around, is an upheaving sea of giant mountains, whose dazzling crests glitter with a strange brightness in the sunshine. At the same time, looking down into the valleys, we behold rich vineyards, green fields, apple orchards gay with pink-white blossoms, cosy villages with gardens, and picturesque *châlets*.

Now we are in the *pasture region*. This is the “garden spot” of an Alpine mountain. Upon these fine pastures browse flocks and herds of sheep, cattle, and goats ; and if we hunt for them, we shall find no end of beautiful flowers. Lovely rhododendrons, or Alpine roses, grow in profusion ; saxifrages, purple and white, spring from the clefts of the rocks ; gay euphrasias and rich blue gentians peep out at us from the vivid green.

As we turn a sudden angle in the path, we come upon a homely hut, before which is clustered a group of bareheaded and barefooted children. Many a herdsman, with his family, resides in the pasture region during the summer months, in order that his sheep or goats, pigs or cows, may have the grand chance to grow fat upon the mountain grass, which is very nourishing, and although it is quite short, I dare say that the lucky cows which have fed upon it would be willing to declare, if they could speak, that it was most deliciously sweet. These mountain herdsmen are rather given to perching their huts on the edge of a precipice, and seem to choose, when they can, a rocky ledge overhanging a lake ! They have been well called the “children of the air.”

Above the *pasture region* rises the *rocky region* ; and this goes up to the crest of the mountain which, on the higher peaks, is covered all the year round with masses of mingled snow and ice, called glaciers. These glaciers are perhaps the most remarkable feature of the Alps, some of them being of such vast extent as to invade the largest valleys for a long distance. These great fields of ice are the source of many of the larger rivers that water Europe.



A SWISS
CHALET. — AT
MILKING-TIME.

Another mighty feature of this wonderful mountain region is its avalanches, which occur very frequently, their roar at the base of the Jungfrau being almost incessant. I presume there is not one boy or girl geographer in ten who has not read of Alpine avalanches ; but perhaps also not

one of you in ten have other than a general idea of these frightful phenomena — masses of snow and ice sliding with wild velocity down the mountains. But this is only one sort of avalanche; there are at least four different kinds known among the Alps: the rolling, the sliding, the drift, and the glacier avalanches.

Do not jump at the conclusion that the glacier avalanche, being formed of solid ice, must be the most dangerous of all. This is not the case. The glacier avalanche is only a piece of loosened ice which comes rushing down the declivity, with a noise like thunder, to be sure, but is comparatively

heavy enough, it begins to move slowly down the declivity. On it goes, always increasing in speed, over a field of snow, getting, of course, bigger and bigger at every turn, for being very damp and clammy, it collects to itself the snow over which it passes, and before it reaches the valley becomes a mighty and immense mass, large enough, indeed, to bury up a whole village. Sometimes such a terrible calamity happens; in the year 1749, when one of these dangerous and dreaded rolling avalanches descended upon a village in the valley of Tawich, it actually swept it from its site and then covered it completely. You will think it must



UP FROM THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

harmless, as it is generally broken in small pieces by the rocks it meets in its descent to the valley.

No, the most fearful of the slides is the rolling avalanche. I will tell you how it is formed. You already know that the loftier Alpine peaks are covered with snow the year round. Sometimes, in the spring, in the soft thawing weather, the damp grains of snow cling firmly together and form into hard balls. Whenever one of these balls becomes

have caused general ruin and death. But no; it was in the night, and it was done so quietly that the villagers knew nothing of their misfortune till morning came, when they began to wonder why it did not grow light! They were dug out, nearly all of them alive.

A drift avalanche, or, as the Swiss call it, *staub-lavinen*, most generally happens just after a heavy snow-storm, when the wind drives the loose snow

from peak to peak, and whirls it down in vast quantities into the valleys.

A sliding avalanche — *rutsch-lauinen* — takes place in early spring, when the snow at the summit of a peak melts, and a great patch of it rushes down the mountain slope, sweeping away everything in its path.

Roads, called Passes, have been constructed over all the principal mountain-chains, connecting the valleys, and in some instances, countries. Some of these roads are of great antiquity and date back as far as the Romans, and many suppose that the Carthaginian general, Hannibal, crossed the Pass of the Little St. Bernard on his march to invade Italy. Some of the Passes are only mule paths; but the great Napoleon converted many of these roads into magnificent carriage routes. Such are the Passes of the Col de Tende, Mont Genevre, Mont Cenis, and the famous Simplon, which crosses the Pennine Alps, one of the loftiest of these mountain chains. The Pass of the Great St. Bernard is well known from the Hospice at its summit, where live the benevolent family of monks who devote their lives to the care of travellers. It is also from this Hospice that the sagacious dogs of St. Bernard are sent out to search for and rescue travellers who may have been overtaken in one of the terrible snow-storms common to the region. The Pass over Mont Cenis, being frequently buried up by avalanches, was at length found to be very unreliable as a road for travel, and it was concluded necessary to tunnel the Alps. This great work was begun in 1857 and ended in 1870, employing thousands of men, day and night. It is 39,750 feet long.

A still longer tunnel, that of Mont St. Gothard, is now being built. When completed this will be ten miles long. Think of a ride of ten miles in darkness and tobacco smoke! For in the elegant cars that pass through the Alps smoking is allowed freely — only one car in every train being marked *Nicht rauchee* (no smoking).

The Passes of the Alps are generally built over the lowest traversible part of a mountain, but some of them attain a great elevation. The Cervin, the highest in Europe, at one point is more than eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea — a dizzy height.

The Swiss peasant is fondly attached to the giant mountains of his native country. He delights in rambling through their wild solitudes, and his sturdy heart swells with patriotic pride



A SWISS MOUNTAINEER.

when he rests his alpenstock on the summit of one of their mighty glaciers.

Oliver Goldsmith, the poet, sings of him :

Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes,

* * * * *

At night, returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed.

* * * * *

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storm,
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

THROUGH THE HEART OF PARIS.

Frank T. Merrill

I WONDER if most of us are not naturally fond of the water, semi-amphibious; whether, ever since we were big enough to sail shingles in a watering trough, or to tumble into the brook where we had set up our water-wheels, we have not had times of longing to be either in or on the water.

I incline to think that this natural love of a stream to play and fish and swim and ride in, has had much to do in determining some great things—the site of the world's big cities, say; for when men had only tents or huts to shelter them, they were quite sure to erect these by the bank of a stream which should give them water to drink and use, to serve as a highway, and to yield a supply of fish-food. In the course of centuries, the dwellings became better and more numerous as people increased and developed their faculties, and presently there was a town; and, after more time and growth, a great city. Then the banks of the river, once green and beautiful, where the willows had spread their branches over the water, gave place to heavy walls and stone embankments; and instead of the hollow log in which the half-naked natives had paddled about, came puffing and splashing steamboats and barges fetching goods brought up the river from ships from over seas.

All this has happened to the river Seine, and to the hamlet of Lutetia which the Parisii built upon the island of La Cité.

My earliest view of the Seine at Paris had for its foreground a fine array of hopeful fishermen of all ages waiting with seriousness and patience for the first tremulous indication of a "bite." To judge by their numbers and their determined air one would suppose that this was a great industry, that the citizens of Paris were still largely dependent for food upon the fish caught in the river. Upon the wall skirting the quai, upon the steamboat landings, in punts, upon the lavoirs, or floating laundries, or standing ankle-deep in water by the piers of bridges, in or on every available place, were the fishermen. Do they ever catch anything?

"Well," said a man who generally tells the truth, "a fellow in the reign of Clovis caught a carp, and ever since they have been hoping to take another."

It was told me, too, how there had once been a man who after waiting for a long time felt a nibble and pulling up his rod with a great jerk, threw a shining fish high into the air, saw him fall off the hook with a splash into the water again, and was so excited that in his despair he plunged in after it and would have drowned if his friends had not pulled him out.

One might do worse, however, than to jump into the Seine, provided the day be sultry and you



MY FIRST VIEW
OF THE SEINE.

make your leap into one of the better class of swimming baths. Not far from the Pont de la Concorde is one of the best of the bathing establishments for men. You descend from the quai:



THE FLOWER MARKET, NEAR NOTRE DAME.

a stone way leads to the door. You pay a franc to enter, and a sou procures you a towel, bathing drawers, and a long cloak of white cotton in which you wrap when you come out of the water. You find yourself upon a platform six or eight feet in width extending around a tank perhaps three



FREQUNTERS OF THE SWIMMING BATHS.

hundred feet long, and a hundred wide. Over your head runs a gallery as wide as the platform, and from both platform and gallery open doors to scores of bathing boxes, to one of which you are assigned. Your valuables you leave at the office receiving a brass check in return and presently you join the other bathers to take your plunge. You notice the company about you. There are some very good looking heads and intellectual ones, some are military officers, others look like students and clerical men. Flights of steps lead from the platform into the water for the convenience of those who do not wish to dive, and numerous signs along the edge of the tank inform the bathers as to the depth of the water, that those unable to swim may not venture beyond places of safety. At one end of the tank where the water is deepest is an elevated stand approached by a flight of steps, and from this some gay, athletic young fellows are diving. Near the diving-stand is the café; and here bathers wrapped in their white cloaks lounge and smoke, or take their coffee or absinthe. A cooler and more refreshing place cannot be found in Paris on a hot summer afternoon than this bath-house and it is a popular resort.

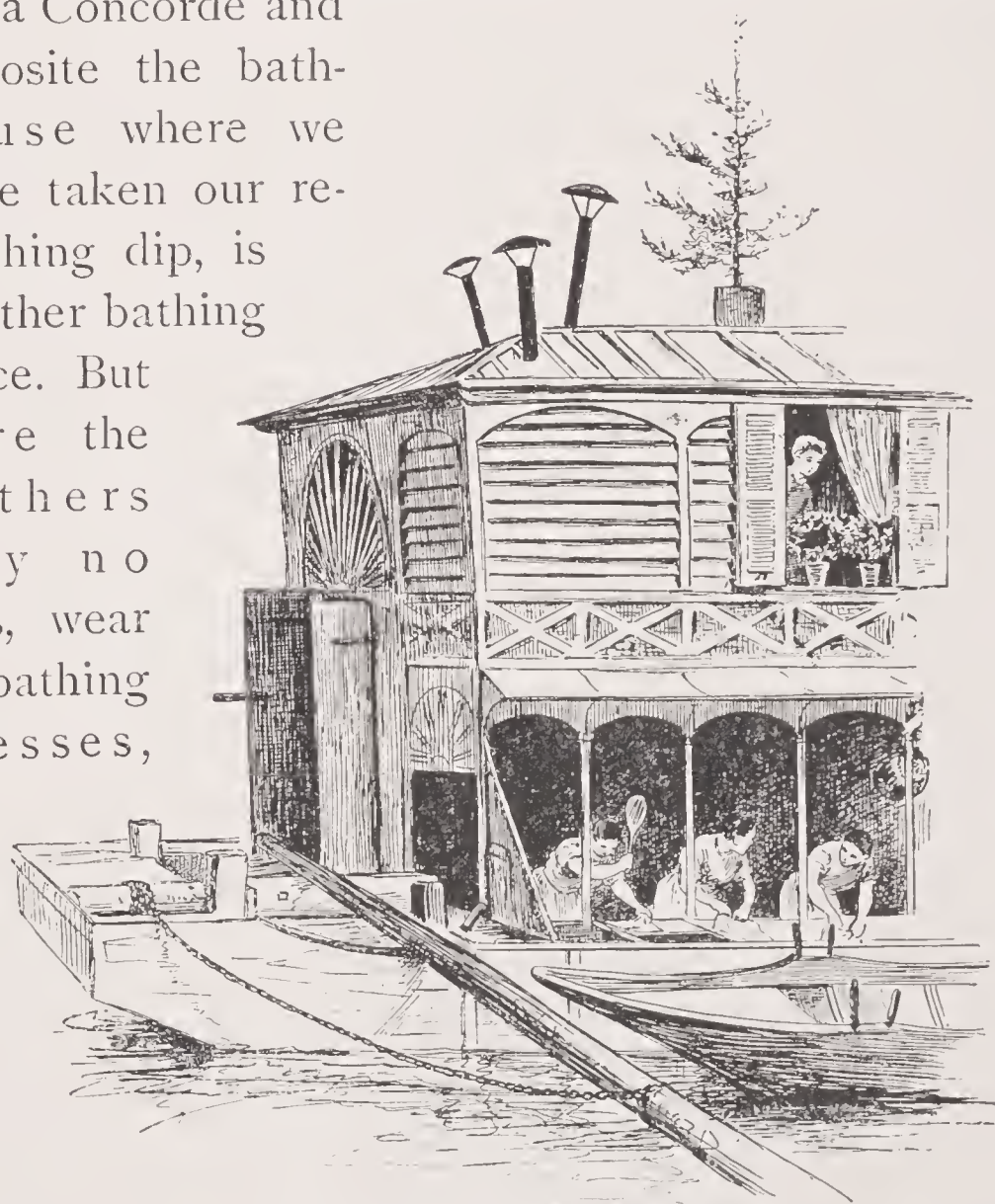
But if you do not care to spend a franc or twenty cents, there are many places where you can get a bath for less. Fifty centimes (half a franc), or even four sous, will buy one, and you

may find your company quite as interesting as in a more expensive place.

Like the bath-houses, the lavoirs, or floating laundries, occupy the river largely. Built upon heavy bateaux these laundries rise two stories in height, and each is a humming hive of laundresses. In the lower story you can always see them washing the clothes and beating them with flat wooden paddles. Wo to your buttons when your clothing is drawn out of the water (which is always clean, always momentarily renewed) to come under the club of a muscular laundress! But somehow they do manage to bring your linen back whole, although you think to see them at work that no garment could stand the treatment.

In the story above, there appear to be rooms for drying and ironing; and I think there must be sleeping-rooms also in some of them for those that have the care of the floating washtubs. There are snowy muslin curtains held back by bright ribbons, and a plant in blossom stands upon the window-ledge.

On the right bank of the river, near the Pont de la Concorde and opposite the bath-house where we have taken our refreshing dip, is another bathing place. But here the bathers pay no fees, wear no bathing dresses,



A LAUNDRY ON THE SEINE.

have no absinthe or cigarettes. They are dragged from the bath, sometimes driven away with blows; the French horses are as fond of the bath as their masters, and the space enclosed by a boom of logs chained together which is allotted to them, is al-



AT THE

ways alive with splashing, shiny animals. At that point the river does not reach the embankment, and from the base of the wall the bed is paved with square stone blocks so that the horses have a good and sure foothold as far out as they are able to wade. It is a lively scene, very picturesque. Some of the horses are ridden into the water by men whose red caps show them to be soldiers, others have been taken from between the shafts of wagons and carts in the street above, and their drivers in blouses, or shirts, or naked to the waist, ride them splashing and floundering about, men and horses equally wet.

The famous Pont de la Concorde which forms the background to this animated scene is one of the many great highways across the river, perhaps the most densely thronged of all. It was built in part of stone from the ruins of the old

stream of peaceful travel flows over them night and day. Densely crowded omnibuses, fiacres, or cabs, with drivers in red vests and shiny hats; now a clattering dragoon, or a cuirassier, his breastplate and helmet sparkling in the sun, the long horsehair crest sweeping down his back.

Then a pastoral sound greets the ear, and the pan-pipes of a vender of goat's milk give notice of the approach of the picturesque goatherd driving his lop-eared goats in front of him. They dodge the swiftly-moving cabs and drays without seeming to notice them, and form a striking rural bit in a bustling city picture. Sometimes however these pan-pipes announce, not the coming of the goatherd, but the drove of she-asses which are driven through the streets and stopped at door after door to deliver the milk fresh to those who have a fancy for this beverage.

Here comes the coco-man with a pagoda-shaped tank strapped like a chemical fire-extinguisher upon his shoulders. He tinkles his metal cups to attract customers and like Simple Simon you can



THE VENDER OF ASSES' MILK.



THE COCO-MAN.



HORSE BATH.

taste his "ware" for a penny. The drink is a sort of liquorice water, not very cold, yet quite refreshing. I have watched the coco-man approach a group of perspiring workmen on a hot day and one after another they would leave their work and take their penny-drink which must have been much better for them than their sour wine, beer or ice water.

Extending along the river-side eastward from the Place de la Concorde are the Gardens of the Tuileries. The famous old palace is gone but the Gardens remain, the popular gathering-place

of white-capped nurses with the children, and red-legged soldiers to keep them company. On pleasant afternoons you may come here and listen to a concert by the

buy a programme to a very good concert for two cents more ; so that four or six cents really gives you an excellent musical entertainment for an hour, enjoyed in comfort.

The walk along the quai, passing the side of the Louvre and bringing us to the old Pont Neuf is full of suggestions to any student of history ; but we are merely walking along the river to-day. See that crowd upon the quai close by the end of the old Pont Neuf. "What is the trouble here,

monsieur?" We stretch up to gaze over some heads and shoulders. Ah, a man is clipping a poodle. His assistant sits upon the ground and holds the dog across his knees, grasping the two fore paws in one hand and the hind paws in the other while the sculptor in hair clips the astonished but unresisting animal leaving a moustache upon his face, rings about his ankles, a funny collar about his neck, a round tuft upon the tip of his tail, and perhaps some other odd patches upon various parts of his body. Another dog is waiting for his turn, and sits shivering pitifully as he regards the operation upon the dog already in the barber's hands.



HOT WEATHER TRIM.



THE DOGS' BARBER.

band of the Garde Republicaine. You may hire the privilege of sitting in an iron armchair for four cents, or a chair without arms for two cents, and

This old bridge, the Pont Neuf, we have heard of since we first heard of Paris; no story of Parisian life is complete without some mention of it. It is more than a thousand feet long, the centre of it touching the end of the island of La Cité. It is three hundred years old and upon that part which rests upon the island is an equestrian statue of Henry IV., its builder.

There is another gathering of people here, leaning over the parapet, looking at something going on in the open space upon the end of the island below them. There is a beating

school-boy drum-and-bugle corps in progress. Half a dozen lads, ten or twelve years old, with drums, and as many more with bugles, are drilling under

the supervision of an officer in a cocked hat. Back and forth they march, their little leader, who plays a trumpet, beating time with his instrument, very full of importance, very desirous of having his command do their best before the Pont Neuf audience.



A REHEARSAL. — FRENCH SCHOOL-BOYS' DRUM-AND-BUGLE CORPS.

The Parisian schoolboy is often a very quaint-looking little fellow as you see him on his way to the schoolhouse, over the door of which you read the legend: "Industrie, Emulation, Progrès." He wears a sombre black garment like a long-sleeved apron which covers him to the knees; he has stockings — you can see them all down about his ankles — and shoes too. Of the rest of his outfit you cannot know, for the black garment covers him completely. His hair is closely cropped and he is often bareheaded. Then you will see others with their book-knapsacks strapped upon their backs, and perhaps wearing a white linen cap. The boys have their military uniform; then, with their flat-topped, visorless blue caps they look like a lot of small sailors on parade.

For half a mile or more along the quais Conti, Malaquais, and Voltaire, are the book-stalls. Upon the parapet along the river-side in boxes, or in piles upon the stone, are books, books, books. Books old and new, in every language; school-books, story-books, religious and devotional books and irreligious and bad books, portfolios of prints and music, old coins and miscellaneous rubbish. People saunter along looking here and there between the covers of the volumes and often arrested by some book of special interest. An old priest in a long black gown becomes absorbed in what he has discovered and, standing, reads on as unconscious of the jostling passers-by as



BOOK-STALLS ON THE QUAI MALAQUAIS.

of drums, a blowing of trumpets. Getting a chance to look over, we see a little rehearsal of some

though he were in his own study, while an old woman by his side, evidently a domestic, buries her face between the leaves of her volume fully as absorbed as he.

The island of La Cité is the site of the earliest settlement of Paris. There was an old Roman Palace, and the royal residence was for many years upon its banks. High above the surrounding buildings rise the great square towers of the cathedral of Notre Dame. As we approach it we pass along the quai under the walls of the old palace and prison, the Conciergerie, whose round towers with pointed roofs look like great candles with extinguishers upon them. Those gray walls



A STREET-
SPRINKLER.

could almost match the Bastille in the stories they might tell. In the open space just beyond, and extending for some distance along the quai, is held the flower market. Here, on market days, plants of every description in pots and boxes or bundles of earth, and flowers in bunches or bouquets, are offered for sale. It is a pretty sight. The white-capped women and blue-bloused men, the customers often fair and finely dressed, the bright masses of many-hued flowers combine into a brilliant picture of Parisian street-life.

A few steps from the flower market bring us to the open space in front of the great Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris. Shall we go within, into the atmosphere of historic reverie, or shall we climb its

towers, among its great belfries, and galleries where are wild, fantastic gargoyles — grotesque figures carved in stone of creatures which

Are neither man or woman,
They are neither brute or human,

but look decidedly fiendish as they lean over and peer leering and scowling at the passers in the



SOME GARGOYLES OF NOTRE DAME.

street below; or shall we go on to the Pont Royale — the starting-place from which the little steamer leaves for down-the-river trips to St. Cloud or Suresnes, where we can dine and end the day's saunter through the Heart of Paris? Securing a seat upon the shady side of the boat we enjoy the "voyage." We are "voyageurs" if we go no more than a hundred yards; and most certainly are we deserving of the term if we go six or eight miles. That is about as far as many Parisians ever care to get from their beloved city. We pass again the bathing-houses and lavoirs and the horses still wallowing in the water.

The golden dome of the Invalides sparkles in the sunlight and the old soldiers are strolling about in the grounds. You can only see the shining dome from the river, but you catch sight of one of the veterans as you pass the Pont des In-



SOME FRENCH SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

valides, and you know he is but one of many poor old fellows passing their last days under the shelter of this great "Soldiers' Home." I remember one

unfortunate, stumping about upon two wooden legs looking as I saw him in a vine-covered alley, like some queer wading bird, a heron or a stork.

We are drawing away from the city itself, and presently strains of music from an orchestrion or hand-organ apprise us that we are just arriving at the Pont du Jour, where a sort of perpetual fête is in progress.

You can see the swinging horses and fandangoes in motion, and the booths where gymnasts and acrobats exhibit their strength and skill and any one in the crowd is invited to try a fall with the champion wrestler. There is a menagerie and a lion-tamer who makes the poor king of beasts jump over a broomstick; and there are shooting galleries where for a sou one may have the privilege of throwing a ball at a dozen comical grinning heads upon diminutive bodies.

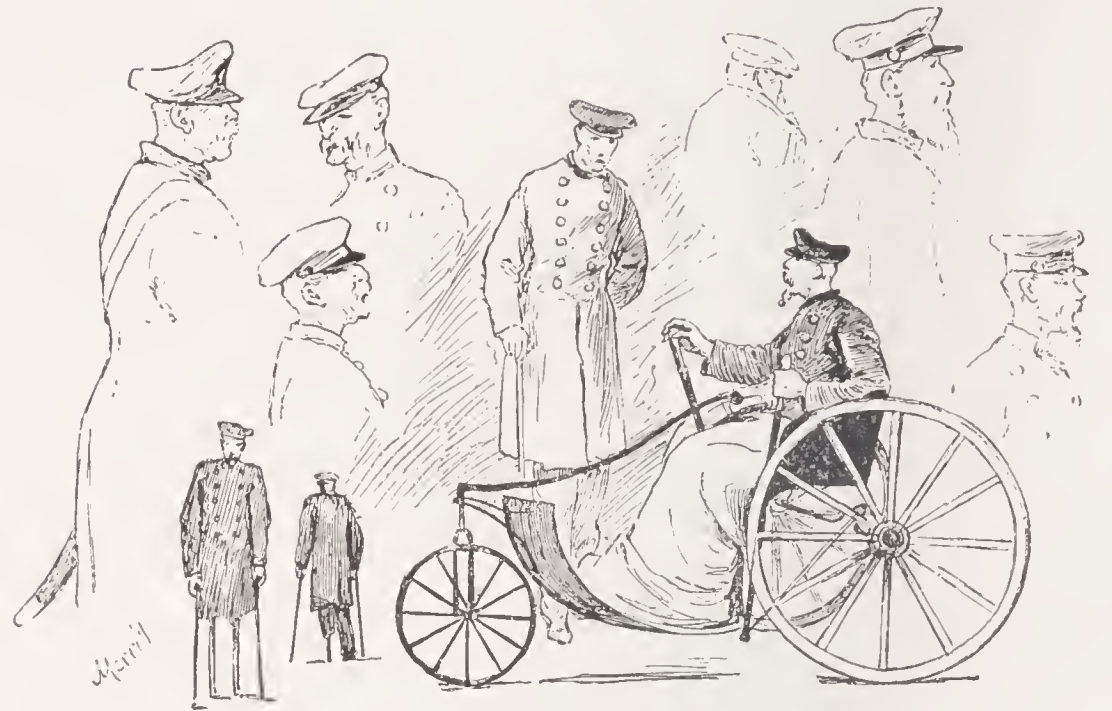
The crowd at a French fête is a most good-humored company. Old and young are there to be amused and people who have come in carriages go round on the little horses or in the pitching boats side by side with workingmen, soldiers and children and all are equally jolly and smiling. The martial spirit of the country asserts itself even in their sport, for when one mounts a swing-



THE FLYING HORSES.

ing hobby horse, a little rapier is given him and he endeavors to carry away upon its point a little brass ring suspended just within reach. Round go the horses, and one after another their riders

lunge at the ring, their faces expressing the greatest interest and determination. Some of the whirling machines are two stories in height and are gorgeous in paint and gilding while the motive power is a small steam engine which also



AT THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES

furnishes breath for a calliope or orchestrion sending out a popular tune loud enough to be heard a mile away.

We get but a glimpse of all this for the boat bears quickly away, the river soon becomes free from stone embankments and flows between grassy and wooded banks again. We dine at St. Cloud, in the park which is open to all, and hundreds are there to-day.

Sitting here at a table under the trees we see a number of carriages drive up to the entrance of the park to which they are not allowed admittance, and their occupants alight and come in on foot. It is a newly-married pair with their friends out for the brief wedding journey. After the ceremony has taken place the wedding party take carriages and drive out to the Bois de Boulogne or St. Cloud where they walk in the park and dine under the trees in some open-air café. The groom in evening dress and the bride in white, leaning upon his arm, head the procession. An officer of chasseurs and a heavy father oppressed by the heat lend dignity to the affair and the children bring up the rear.

There is some bustling about and arranging the couples in proper order and then as the carriages are driven away the company moves in a very stately way down the walk under the trees, and disappears from sight.

If it had chanced to be a fête day, so that the cafés of St. Cloud were filled, we would have gone



ANNUAL CELEBRATION OF THE FALL OF THE BASTILE.

down the river to the next landing-place and at Suresnes sat under our vine and fig tree in a café overlooking the moving life on the river; the pleasure boats and passenger steamers, and heavy freight barges with families living on board; there are the children and domestic pets, and the flowering plants in pots giving a homelike look to the heavy dingy craft.

The out-of-door life in cafés is one of the most noticeable things in France to Englishmen or Americans who never, except at picnics, eat a dinner in the open air. With the Frenchman in order to be quite happy, it seems to be necessary that he should take his dinner under a shelter no heavier than the foliage of a tree or some gayly striped awning. The tree may be a poor thing in a tub, standing in a courtyard or high up upon a balcony in some narrow street, but it stands for all the country to the man who takes his soup and salad under the shadow of its poor leaves. So national is this feeling that in the warm weather you always can have your dinner served to you in the open air, in an arbor or under a tree; and you will soon come to share the Frenchman's liking for the custom.

A house-boat moored by the shore shows how some families take their outing, having a pleasant

down the river with plenty of rest and comfort and pleasant scenery. Some of the boats we pass are



OPEN-AIR CAFE.

brilliant with colored awnings which screen the occupants from the rays of the sun or from the observation of other crews.

We notice as we look up and down that the river itself is not like American streams and the gray, hazy color and the unfamiliar forms of some of the trees tell us that we are figures in a French landscape, a landscape that we have often seen upon canvas but never encountered out of doors in America.

But it is upon the great national fête day, the day of the Fête de la République, which commemorates the fall of the Bastille, that the river assumes its most brilliant aspect. For days before, men are at work putting in place the decorations along the quais and making ready for the grand illumination. Thousands upon thousands of little glass cups are arranged upon the bridges



A WEDDING PARTY AT ST. CLOUD.

time during the hot weather, living luxuriously in a large flat-bottomed boat and making a slow cruise

that the outline of every arch and pier may be traced in lines of blazing tapers. Tall masts along the quais are brave with bunting, and the monogram R. F. (*Republique Francaise*) is displayed in every available place. The lines of trees which border the river are hung with colored lanterns and the Champs Elysées and Place de la Concorde are festooned with myriads of glass globes which will shine like gigantic strings of golden beads as soon as the gas shall be lighted. At night the sky is ablaze with varied and brilliant lights. Not one rocket but scores together rise into the blackness above and showers of fiery rain descend from half the heavens at once. Our boat like the others, is

crowded with a very orderly though jovial and enthusiastic company of French people who give expression to their delight at each ascending burst of fire. The culmination comes, as we arrive in sight of the Palace of the Trocadero all defined in lines of fire, the glare of electric and Bengola lights relieving it against the darkness behind like some theatrical fairy palace.

The quais and bridges are thronged with spectators and the river is made still more brilliant by innumerable gayly decorated boats in which men are burning colored lights — until we seem to be floating upon a fiery river sparkling with red and silver and golden spray.



THE Sissiton-Wahpeton Santa Sioux Indians, and a tribe of the Chippewas, had cherished an unpleasant feeling toward one another during many years. The Sioux always spoke of the Chippewas as being black-hearted — that is deceitful; while the latter called the Sioux “old Squaws,” meaning to cast a reflection upon their reputation for bravery. In fact the two tribes were at sword’s-points — or rather at tomahawk’s-points.

If one or two Chippewas wandered forth, and by some ill-luck met a party of Sioux, the Chippewa was never returned, and on the other hand, when a large party of Chippewas came across a few Sioux, the latter did not live to tell the tale.

It was really inconvenient for both tribes to have affairs in this state, for two reasons: The Chippewa had formerly been accustomed to obtain their ponies from the Sioux, who brought them from beyond the Missouri, and now their stock of ponies had run very low — so low, in fact, that some of the most ancient and aristocratic chieftains were obliged to travel on foot; and the Sioux had formerly obtained their finest beadwork from the skilful Chippewas who, in this line, are unexcelled — even the ornaments of the artistic Yanktonée are thrown in the shade by the Chippewa broidery. Therefore the tribe often talked of peace and by many it was heartily desired.

Finally, after various attempts, it was decided that the desired result should be brought about in the following manner: a Sioux messenger should be sent to the camp of the enemy with a few gifts and many promises, and he was to invite the Chiefs, Braves, Headmen and Warriors to a “Grand Peace Meet” at the Sioux Camp. This “Peace Meet,” at which I was present, by the way, took place in Dakota.

As little Joe De Marras, a mixed-blood — one eighth French — had among his wives a Chippewa squaw, and as he had occasionally, in company with this wife, visited her relations, always returning in safety, and as he was almost the only Sioux who understood the Chippewa language, he was now chosen for this important mission. As a diplomat “Little Joe” proved a grand success.

His Chippewa father-in-law gave a big dance in honor of his visit and other dances followed; in fact a series of very elegant entertainments were given in the most approved Chippewa style, and at all these different soirees the Sioux ambassador carried a bundle of small sticks about as large as lead pencils. Each stick, as was well understood, represented a promise of a pony. These he presented to different chiefs. Of course the recipients were only too anxious to immediately form a party, accept the Sioux invitation, and go right

over and claim the promised ponies ; in short the strongest feelings of amity and companionship pervaded the entire Chippewa Camp. One of the Chiefs even adopted "Little Joe." This is done by making a handsome present and requiring the recipient to join the family circle and call the donor "father," and if there is a spare daughter she is often married to the new son.

The Diplomat returned in great triumph to the Sioux. He was laden with most elegant Chippewa beadwork, carved pipes, otter skins, and an additional wife.

Of course many preliminary councils and meetings had to take place. Six Chippewas came over to the Sioux Camp, and after three days of

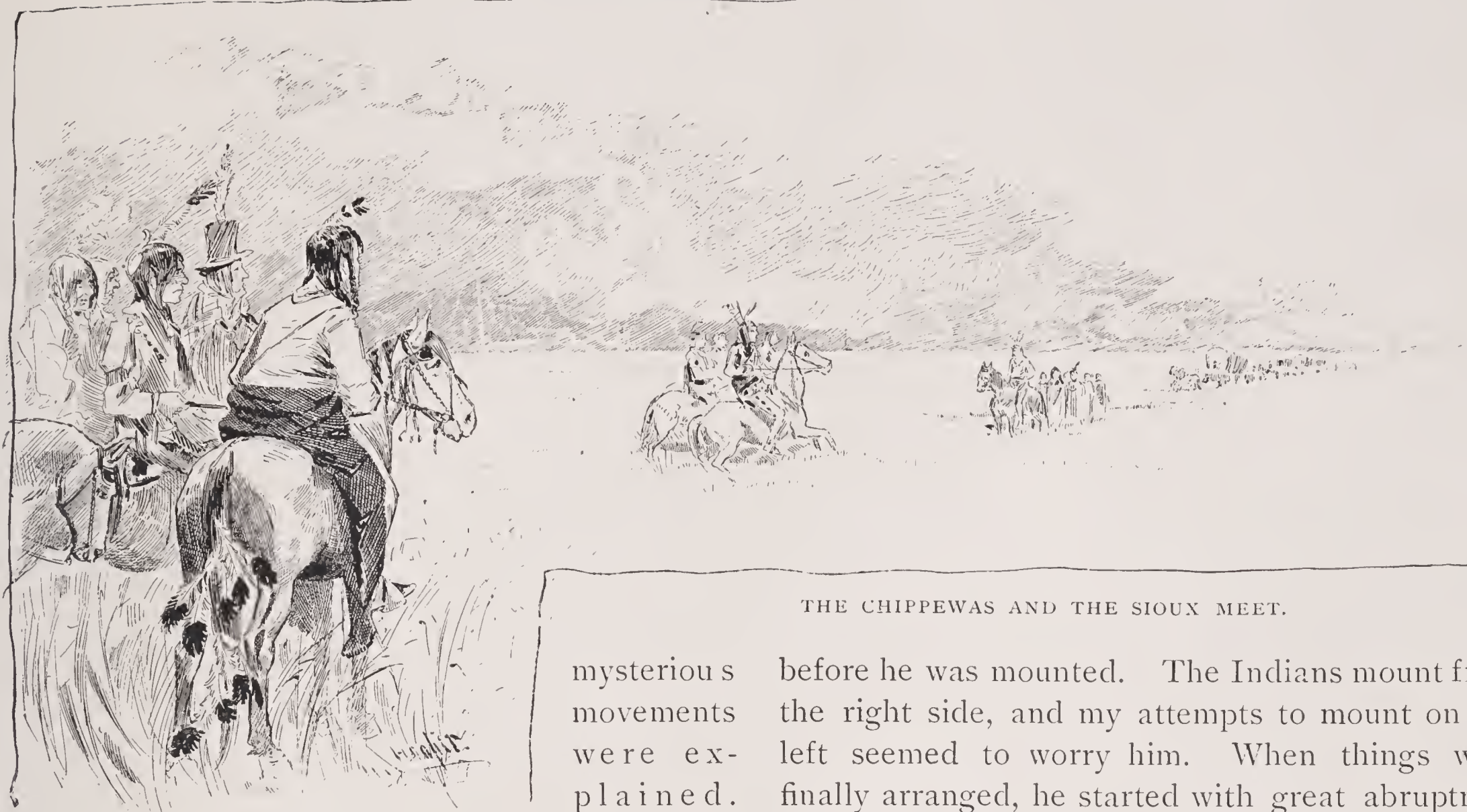
the inaugural day of "The Grand Peace Meet," was really agreed upon. after

feasting and brotherly powwows, they returned riding beautiful ponies ; and six Sioux Chiefs accompanied them for a talk with the Chippewas.

But finally the great day,

consulting the Medicine Men of both tribes.

The Sioux, however, could not, it seems, entirely do away with their suspicions of these old enemies ; and on the day preceding the one appointed for the ceremonial an order was issued by the Head Chief and rapidly promulgated by his mounted scouts at nightfall. All through that night could be heard the galloping of ponies over the prairie, the dragging of pole tents over the trails, and the squeaking of the Indian wagons, but not the sound of a voice. In the morning the



THE CHIPPEWAS AND THE SIOUX MEET.

mysterious movements were explained.

All of the

Sioux tepees which had been scattered among the ravines and on the slopes had been gathered together, during the night, in a double row and were now systematically arranged in the form of an ellipse, the wagons standing as a sort of breastwork around the outside.

At an early hour every one was astir in the Sioux encampment and in a state of great excitement; for the Chippewas, according to the reports of the scouts, who had been on the lookout all night, were within a few miles, in large numbers, and heavily armed.

The Sioux Chiefs and Braves were already on the road, while I was still wrestling with my pony, who seemed to have thoroughly caught the prevailing nervousness and would persist in striking out vigorously with his hind legs while the girths were being tightened, and then he insisted on starting

before he was mounted. The Indians mount from the right side, and my attempts to mount on the left seemed to worry him. When things were finally arranged, he started with great abruptness and began racing at breakneck speed to join the band who were now a good distance ahead. It seemed a long time before I was able to slide down from his neck and find the saddle.

It was noticeable that the Sioux were thoroughly armed, though their blankets were so arranged as to conceal their weapons as much as possible. We rode in no regular order, except the Headmen were gathered around the Chief. Not a voice was heard. We followed no track or trail that was discernible to the ordinary observer, simply keeping the scouts in sight who were always some half-mile in advance.

After about an hour's ride, the scouts suddenly made a signal. We halted and one of them rode swiftly back and held a whispered consultation with the Headmen. Meantime the remainder of the scouts had dismounted and placed themselves behind their ponies. Signals were again made,



I WAS STILL WRESTLING WITH MY PONY.

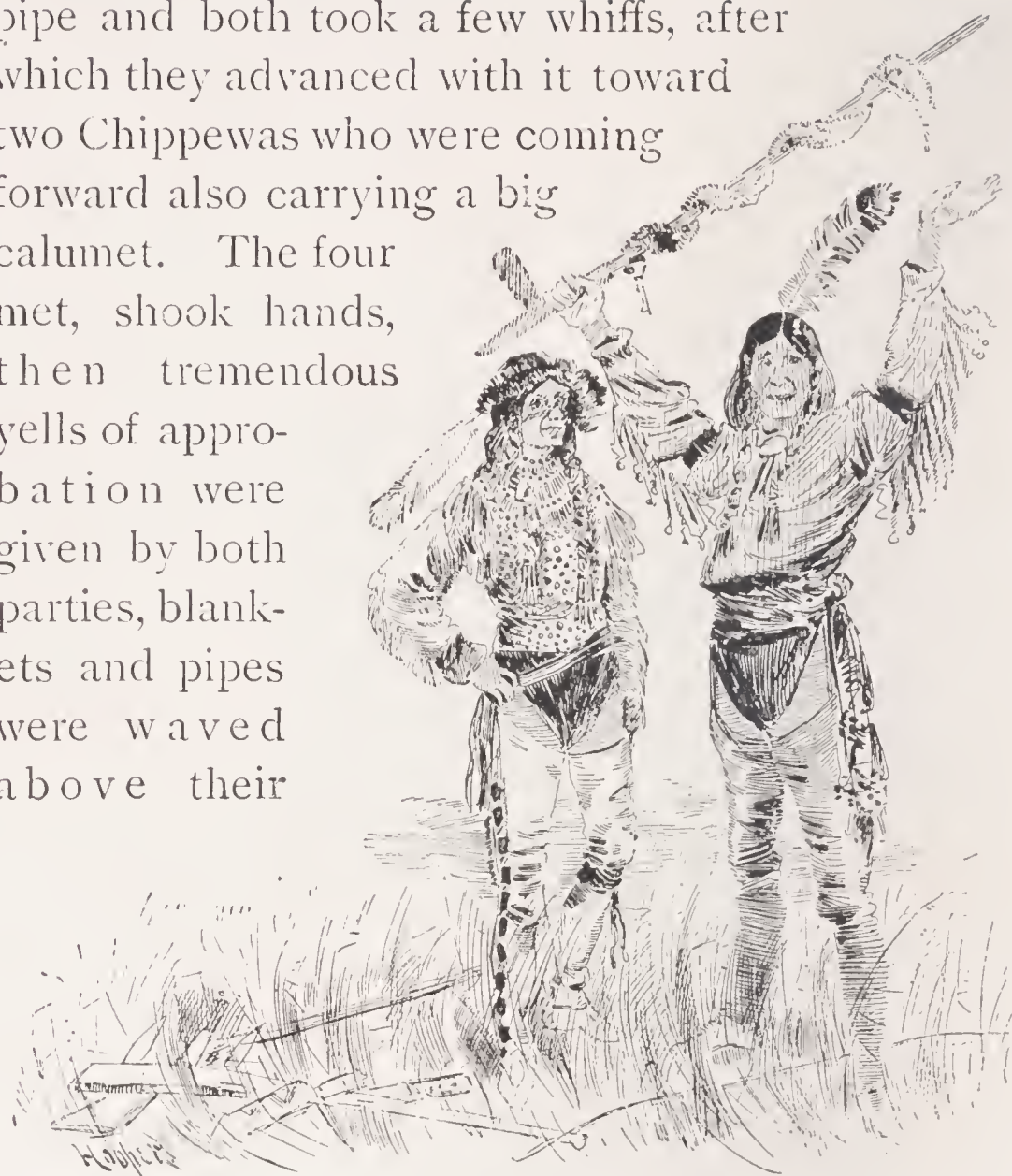
and we advanced slowly. Now, for the first time during the ride everyone began talking; but only for a moment—evidently the Chippewas were in sight, but to eyes unaccustomed to gazing across the prairie they were not visible.

Suddenly a mass of moving objects could be seen above the prairie grass. Again there was a halt, while a dozen Headmen advanced and joined our scouts. Then we again slowly and cautiously advanced.

Soon the Chippewas were distinctly visible; they, too, had sent a small party in advance. The reports which our scouts had brought in the morning were undoubtedly much exaggerated. The Chippewas, who were all on foot excepting a few Chiefs, were not over one hundred in number, and their weapons if they carried any were not to be seen. No doubt, however, they were packed in the wagons around which most of them were gathered.

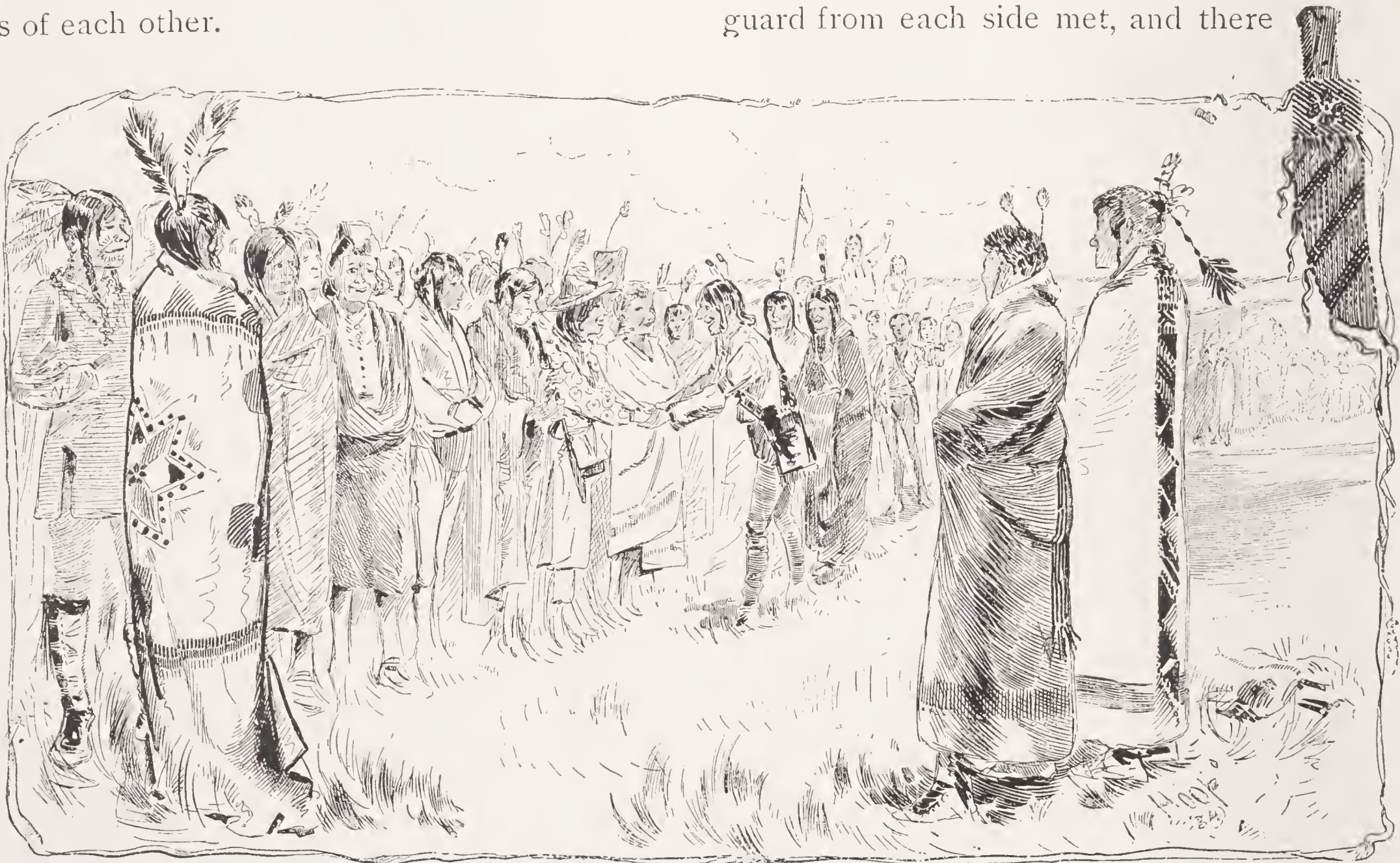
Peace-signs were made by both parties. Then we all halted. Our scouts dismounted, and the advance-guard from both sides then made a great show of laying down their knife-sheaths, and everything else which they carried that looked at all war-like, and then advanced to within a few rods of each other.

pipe and both took a few whiffs, after which they advanced with it toward two Chippewas who were coming forward also carrying a big calumet. The four met, shook hands, then tremendous yells of approbation were given by both parties, blankets and pipes were waved above their



THE BIG CALUMET.

heads, the ponies pranced and neighed, and the greatest excitement prevailed. After this exchange of pipes, the remainder of the advance guard from each side met, and there



THE TWO CHIPPEWAS ARE ESCORTED ALONG THE SIOUX RANKS.

Now they began to talk. A short speech was made on each side. Then two of the Sioux lighted a big

was great shaking of hands, passing of pipes and renewed yells. The Sioux then came back with

the two Chippewas — the bearers of the pipe of peace — while the Sioux pipe-bearers were conducted to the Chippewas.

An order was then swiftly passed, and the whole band of Sioux were arranged in two long lines, and the two Chippewas were escorted along the ranks, shaking hands with everyone, while the big Chippewa calumet was passed rapidly from mouth to mouth, each Indian taking one long whiff; nearly the same ceremony was taking place among the Chippewas.

A small party of Sioux next went with presents for the Chippewa Chiefs, while some Chippewas also came over with gifts of beautiful beadwork for the Sioux. Then both the Sioux and Chippewa Head-Chiefs, with their Headmen, slowly advanced to within a few yards of each other, and long speeches followed, interrupted by yells of applause, and cries of "wa'ste! wa'ste! (good! good!)" After this, the two Head Chiefs walked up to each other, and shook hands. At this the shouts became deafening, pipes were brought, and they smoked and exchanged; ponies were led up



"PRESENTS."



and they mounted and rode side by side.

Then the entire assemblage started back for the Sioux camp. The march was rather slow, as nearly all the visitors were on foot; but swift messengers were sent ahead, and when we arrived the Camp was in holiday attire; red flannel and bright calico were waving from the poles of the tepees, the children were running about shouting and laughing, while

the squaws were busy bringing water and wood, and tending the fires which were burning in all directions over which were cooking big pots of meat.

Two very large tepees had been placed side by side, so that the covering of one lapped over upon the other, making it to look almost like one big tent; this was to represent the union of the Sioux and the Chippewas. A large space, enclosed by bushes stuck into the ground, made a kind of avenue leading to these tents, and into this enclosure the visitors were ushered, and while the chiefs of each tribe took possession of the tents, the remainder seated themselves around the sides and pipes were passed amidst much talking and laughter.

Now I noticed for the first time that there was a little boy with the Chippewas. He was dressed like a warrior; his clothes were covered with bead-

work, two little embroidered pouches hung from his shoulders, a brilliant bead sash was around his waist, bands of beadwork with long fringed ends were tied below his knees, and beautiful moccasins were on his feet. While the others were seating themselves, the boy rushed out toward a lot of ponies, and he seemed to be perfectly happy in simply watching or walking round among them. He evidently was as anxious for a "Suktanka" (pony) as any of the Chippewas. Little Sioux children gathered around him, admiring his costume, but they seemed rather shy, and their languages being entirely different their acquaintance progressed slowly until one of them brought up an old pony, and then four, yes, four "little Injuns" climbed on — and the happy little Chippewa was one of them. They at once began shouting and kicking

front legs, and raised his hind feet as if he were trying to kick the sun out of the sky, and he continued this motion, throwing his head down and his hind legs up, until the "four little Injuns" were scattered far and wide in the prairie grass.

It was evidently with feelings of great pleasure, judging from their smiling countenances, that the Indians saw the squaws approach with the big kettles of steaming soup. Though the *menu* was short and the courses few, the dinner seemed wholly satisfactory; the most important point with an Indian is not variety, but quantity. The soup was poured into tin plates and dippers; a few had spoons; but most of them drank from their dish. After the soup to which all were helped many times, came potatoes, boiled meat, and a kind of hot bread or pan-cake cooked in a spider. During the dinner



THE SIOUX CAMP DINE THE CHIPPEWAS.

their heels into the old pony's ribs, the children at the pony's heels joining with sticks and yells, and it was all immensely jolly for everyone excepting poor old pony himself who was being driven round at a lively pace. Suddenly, however, he performed a favorite trick with Indian ponies; that is, he "bucked" — he lowered his head between his

very little conversation was carried on, but when the meal had been finished, the Chiefs of the two tribes, who had been carefully waited upon under the big tents, came forth into the enclosure, and long speeches followed. The Chippewas expressed their love and admiration for the Sioux in the most flattering terms, and referred to their well-known

bravery with intense admiration. The Sioux replied in speeches more flattering if possible.

Then began an old Indian game. The squaws

their work, the children were gathered into the tents, the ponies had wandered into the ravine, and even the dogs seemed subdued. But as soon

as the edge of the moon appeared above the prairie, a few dark forms passed noiselessly towards the dancing-grounds. Then the Indian drum broke the silence; and from that moment all through that night, and through the next day, and the following night, that drum was not laid down for a moment.

For this was to be a famous dance, a dance long to be remembered. The Sioux had determined that the Chippewas should be duly impressed by the magnificence of their reception, and the dance was the principal feature. At the sound of the drum it seemed as if the Indians

came by magic; it seemed as if they must have sprung up from the ground. None seemed to be hurrying, but suddenly you could see them on all sides, silently moving towards the dancing enclosure. They sat down in a large circle around the music. Then the players raised their voices in one long yell, and gave the drum a sudden and severe pounding — immediately a tall frightfully-painted savage dropped his blanket and with a yell sprang into the centre of the circle, brandishing a tomahawk

brought in dippers filled with hot fat from the frying pans, and the Indians would dare each other to see who would drink the most, and presents would be made by the one who failed. The same idea was carried out in regard to eating hot baked potatoes.

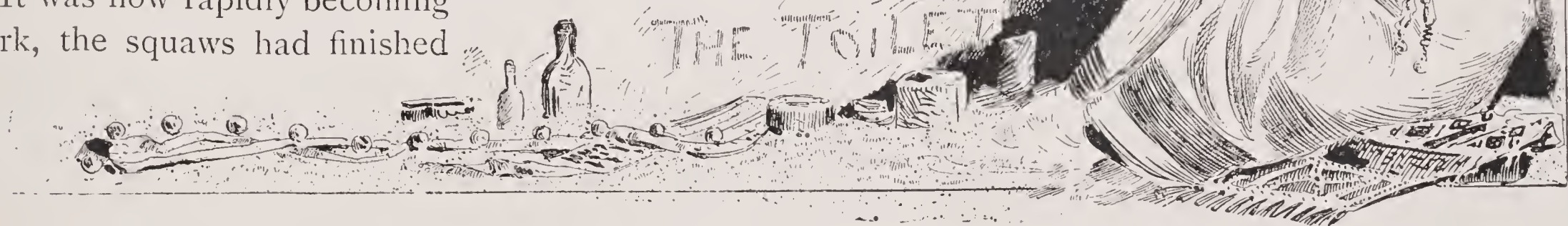
When this was over, some of the Chippewas pulled their blankets over their heads and laid down in the sun to sleep, while the others, for the first time, moved about the Camp, wandering finally towards the ponies. Then discussions arose in regard to speed, and races followed.

At sunset not a Chippewa was visible; they all had disappeared in or around their wagons, where their tents were pitched. They were industriously painting themselves for the big dance which was to begin at moonrise. The Sioux were engaged in the same artistic employment. For the first time in twenty-four hours there was a period of quietness.

It was now rapidly becoming dark, the squaws had finished



WHAT BEFELL "FOUR LITTLE INJUNS."



PAINTING FOR THE BIG DANCE.

ornamented with a long string of feathers. Others in fantastic costumes—and some in no costume except paint and red flannel—gathered around this leader. The squaws on the outside of the enclosure struck into a wild chant, the dancers began their antics, and the moon, and the fires, which had been started near the circle, threw a weird light on the scene which seemed anything but peaceful.

After the first dance a regular beating was still kept up on the drum, while many of the Sioux withdrew to return presently with little sticks. At this the Chippewa guests smiled with renewed vigor—they well knew each stick represented a promise of a pony.

The head Sioux chief then arose, made a brief speech, and threw two sticks into the lap of the Chippewa chief. Great shouts and a regular tornado on the drum followed. Then I-te-wa-kan-hdi-o-ta (Thunder Face), a Sioux Brave, danced around the circle, hesitating in front of different Indians, finally throwing a stick to a happy Chippewa. Shouts of applause again went up and the dance was renewed.

Thus it went all night; giving ponies, receiving beadwork, dancing, speeches, and eating—no cessation. Occasionally some of the dancers would quietly steal away and take a nap, but the circle always looked full; while some rested others danced.

And so it went on for two nights and one day. On the morning of the second day, I awoke with

an idea that I had saddled a little stick and had been riding wildly through an Indian village pursued by painted savages, also mounted on sticks.



THE LEADER OF THE DANCE.

In the camp all was quiet. Over the rolling prairie a party of horsemen were rapidly disappearing. It was the Chippewas on their return home. All was now peace between the tribes.



I-TE-WA-KAN-HDI-O-TA.

THE NEW BOOKS
FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS OF THE FAMILY

(Large Quartos.)

Polly: Where she lived, what she said, and what she did. By MARGARET SIDNEY. With twelve full-page pictures by Margaret Johnson. The story of a funny parrot and two charming children. Price 50 cts.

Kings and Queens at Home. By Mrs. FRANCES A. HUMPHREY. With twenty-four portraits and pictures. Pretty stories of Royal Folks across the seas. Price 50 cts.

A Small Boy's Compositions. By SARA E. FARMAN. With twenty pictures. Thoughts of a school-boy about boys, girls, birds, beasts and other things. Price 35 cts.

Queen Victoria at Home. By Mrs. FRANCES A. HUMPHREY. With twenty-four portraits and pictures of palaces. Pretty stories of "The Good Queen" and her home life. Price 50 cts.

Stories About Favorite Authors. By Mrs. FRANCES A. HUMPHREY. With twelve portraits. Little literature lessons to make children acquainted with standard authors. Price 50 cts.

Queer Nests and Their Builders. By Mrs. FANNIE A. DEANE. Profusely and beautifully illustrated. Stories of the ways in which Birds and Bugs build their homes. Price 35 cts.

Baby's Story Book. Large print. With beautiful pictures. Stories for a child about other children. Price 50 cts.

(Small, Square, Large-Print Books.)

A Year of Fun. By MARGARET JOHNSON. Twenty-four pictures by the author. Adventures of a little boy and girl told in easy verse. Price 25 cts.

Fine Folks in Our Lane. With fifteen pictures. A humorous masquerade of familiar out-of-door creatures. In easy words and easy verse. Price 20 cents.

Little People in Black. With twelve silhouettes by the silhouette artist, Helen Maria Hinds. Observations of Santa Claus from his window in Palace Christmas. Price 20 cents.

The Chrissy Cherryblows. With twenty-four pictures by "Boz." A dozen stories of how a little brother and sister made friendships with pretty pets. Price 25 cents.

Any book sent postpaid on receipt of price, by

D. LOTHROP & CO., Boston, Mass.



“**WIDE AWAKE** may now be fairly regarded as the leading magazine in the country for *young people*. It has kept apace with the advances which literature for young people has made of late, and is the most attractive, instructive and practical magazine which can be put into the hands of young people.” — *Cincinnati Times-Star*.

Merriest and Wisest of all magazines for young folks is

WIDE AWAKE

with a thousand quarto pages a year of literature by best authors, and half a thousand pictures by best artists.

A FEW OF THE ATTRACTIONS FOR '86:

A Midshipman at Large and **The Cruise of the Casabianca**, two yachting (*serial*) stories by CHARLES REMINGTON TALBOT; **A Girl and a Jewel** (*serial*), by HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD; **Dilly and the Captain** and **Peggy** (*serials*), by MARGARET SIDNEY; and a six months' story by CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Also, **Royal Girls and Royal Courts** (12) by Mrs. JOHN SHERWOOD; **A Cycle of Children** (12 *historic holidays*), by ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS; **Stories of American Wars** (12), **In Peril** (12 *Adventures*), **Youth in Twelve Centuries** (24 *Costume and Race Studies*), etc. (FULL PROSPECTUS FREE.)

Only \$3.00 a year. Send 10 cents for specimen number (regular price 25 cents).

FOR THE YOUNGER BOYS AND GIRLS, AND THE BABIES:

BABYLAND

Never fails to carry delight to the babies and rest to the mammas, with its large beautiful pictures, its merry stories and jingles, in large type on heavy paper. 50 cents a year.

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN

With its seventy-five full-page pictures a year, and numberless smaller, and its delightful stories and poems, is most admirable for the youngest readers in homes and schools. \$1.00 a year.

THE PANSY

Edited by the famous author of the “Pansy Books,” is equally charming and suitable for week-day and Sunday reading. Always contains a serial by “Pansy.” \$1.00 a year.

Bound volumes of all the magazines for previous years can be supplied, also thousands of beautiful illustrated books, in colors and in black and white — for little folks, boys and girls, and the family. *Catalogue free.*

✉ Send for specimen copies of the magazines, circulars, catalogues of books, etc., to the Publishers.

D. LOTHROP & CO., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



WHEN GRANDMA WAS A GIRL



From WONDER PEOPLE.

SOME NEW ILLUSTRATED BOOKS:

WONDER PEOPLE. Stories of dwarfs, giants, gypsies and troubadours. Curious and surprising pictures. Quarto, chromo cover, price 50 cents.

SIGHTS WORTH SEEING. Remarkable festivals, great cities, historical places, mountains, craters, glaciers, etc. Profusely illustrated. Quarto, cloth, price \$1.75.

CHILDREN'S BALLADS. From history, folk-lore and fairy-lore. Superbly illustrated. Quarto, cloth, price \$1.75.

THREE NATURE BOOKS:

OVERHEAD. A simple and fascinating story astronomy. Quarto, boards, price \$1.25.

UNDERFOOT. A story embodying something of the science and the more interesting facts of geology. Quarto, boards, price \$1.25.

UP HILL AND DOWN DALE. An entertaining volume of natural history for young people. Quarto, boards, \$1.25.

THE "FAMILY FLIGHT" BOOKS

are the very best illustrated books of travel and story combined. By REV. E. E. HALE and MISS SUSAN HALE. Five volumes ready, separately or in neat box. Boards, \$2.00 each. Cloth, 2.50 each. Send for descriptive list.



From SIGHTS WORTH SEEING.

A NEW DEPARTURE FOR GIRLS. By MARGARET SIDNEY. A brilliant practical story for girls who must work their way in the world. 16mo, illustrated, price 75 cents.

THE ADVENTURES OF ANN, A Story of Colonial Times. From original documents and family annals. By MARY E. WILKINS. 16mo, price 60 cents.

IN LEISLER'S TIMES. By E. S. BROOKS. A stirring historical story of boy and girl life in early New York. Illustrations by W. T. Smedley. 16mo, cloth, price \$1.50.

THE BUBBLING TEAPOT. A wonder-story of a girl in a dozen countries. Cloth, 16mo, \$1.25

!!! The most beautiful book of the year !!!

BYE-O-BABY BALLADS.

By CHARLES STUART PRATT (Editor of *Wide Awake* and *Babyland*). A graceful group of poems which, between the songs of good-morning and good-night, run the range of a child's day and a child's year. F. CHILDE HASSAM, the popular water color painter, accompanies the poems with many full page water colors and several hundred smaller pictures in color and monochrome. These color pictures are reproduced by the eminent art-lithographers, G. H. Buck & Co. Large quarto, in beautiful covers, price \$2.00.

New Editions are ready of the following popular illustrated quarto volumes:

Child Lore. Boards, \$2.00. Cloth, \$3.00.

The Poet and the Children. Boards, \$2.00. Cloth, \$3.00.

Art for Young People. Boards, \$2.00. Cloth, \$3.00.

Little Folks' Art Book. Boards, \$1.00.



From CHILDREN'S BALLADS.

D. LOTHROP & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 041 303 380 9